The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1895.

The Week.

THE question which Mr. Cleveland's warlike message suggests is mainly which of the two parties is likely to get most capital during the Presidential year out of this Venezuelan dispute. That we are going, in the name of the Monroe doctrine, to assert such ownership of the American hemisphere as will enable us to trace all the boundary lines on it to our own satisfaction in defiance of the rest of the world, is a thesis which we do not believe is yet ripe for discussion. What interests us most is, how his proposal to appoint a tracing commission will strike the Republicans. Will they give Mr. Cleveland the money for its expenses, and enable him all next year to pose as the war candidate for the Presidency? Or is his proposal sufficiently near war to make it a delicate matter to reject it, in view of the Jingo vote? Will they consent to have him put his own men on the commission, and thus get weekly glory out of the whole business between now and next October? These are the most important questions now pending. Mr. Cleveland showed, in 1888, by his treatment of poor Sackville-West, that he was not incapable of using foreign questions to achieve domestic victories. The present message shows that his party may still count on him for further assistance from the same source.

Speaker Reed is already learning that it is a very different thing to "run" a Republican House when he is simply putting through a policy at the beginning of a Presidential term on which the party is united, from what it is when he is seeking a Presidential nomination for himself and there is great division of opinion in the party as to the wisdom of making him the candidate. The Cleveland *Leader* gave prominence the other day to a despatch from its Washington correspondent, telling how angry the members of the National Wool-Growers' Association were at the way they were "turned down" by the Speaker when an Ohio Representative tried to get their memorial to Congress printed and referred to the ways and means committee, and Mr. Reed gave ex-Speaker Crisp a "tip" to make the objection that prevented the otherwise unanimous consent that was required. The *Leader* followed up the despatch next day with a very sharp editorial article, telling the Speaker that he "blundered" in taking "a narrow view of great party questions," when he "should be broad, patriotic, and amiable"; calling attention to the fact that, while he is an able man, he has 'some infirmities of temper and character"; expressing the opinion that, while he knows better than any other man in this country how business ought to be done in Congress, "there are other men who better know, perhaps, what the nature of the business done ought to be"; reminding him that "the successful statesman and politician is the man who meets competition and opposition with grace and amiable temper"; recalling the fact that, when the last Republican Administration was in power, Mr. Reed presented the spectacle of a popular party leader who was not on speaking terms with President Harrison, nor with Secretary of State Blaine, nor with Senators Hale and Frye, although Blaine, Hale, and Frye were neighbors of his in his own State of Maine; and, finally, notifying him that it is always good policy to fight one's political enemies and not one's political friends, and that "this plain rule, if closely observed, will make Mr. Reed far happier in his own heart, and also a much more tolerable leader, than he has been up to date." Evidently the Speaker is going to find plenty of what Horace Greeley used to call "mighty interesting reading" in the Republican press the next few months.

How thoroughly the Cincinnatus idea of a nomination for the Presidency has disappeared from our politics is shown afresh by McKinley's exhibition of eagerness just now. No sooner had St. Louis been pitched upon as the Republican convention city than he telegraphed for thirty rooms in each of three hotels to be reserved for him during convention week. He has also opened a Washington headquarters. This, for a man who admits that he is the logical candidate of his party, and gives it out that he is calmly waiting for the masses to rise up and make him President against his will, looks a good deal like giving public opinion needed help in crystallizing about him. Of course, all the real Cincinnatuses long since disappeared, but there was a certain comfort in the imitation Cincinnatuses while they lasted. It did not do to examine them too closely. Their ploughs had a way of turning furrows very near the public highway about nomination time, and their ostentatious drinks of spring water from the old brown jug were too apt to be broken off by messenger-boys with telegrams from their managers in the convention hall. But still the little fiction was a pleasant one to keep up, and it brought a kindly feeling into many hearts to have a candidate able to say, as Cincinnatus Blaine did in 1884, sitting amid his heaps of telegrams, "Well, no one can say that I did anything to influence the choice of the convention." It was Cincinnatus Reid, however, who did the most to break down the old tradition, by being surprised with the nomination when out looking at his flowers at eleven o'clock on a moonless night. This was too much, even for a confiding and generous people. McKinley's hot chase after the nomination has at least the merit of frankness, and he may yet be the first Presidential candidate actually to appear "on the ground," pulling and hauling for delegates and making promises right and left.

The Harrison boom seems to have been materially blocked by Mr. Sherman's direct charge that the Indiana candidate got the Republican nomination in 1888 by a corrupt bargain. The Ohio Senator, it will be remembered, declared that at the convention of that year Steve Elkins "had in his pocket a written promise from Mr. Harrison engaging that ex-Senator Platt should control the federal patronage of New York State in case of his nomination and election," and that "President Harrison stood to his bargain." It is now quite a month since this specific charge of corruption against the last Republican President was made by the leading Republican in the Senate, and Mr. Harrison's silence is coming to be interpreted as signifying that the truth of the allegation cannot be challenged. The Boston *Herald* expresses what we believe to be a general feeling when it says that "unless this charge is explained away, it is likely to rule out ex-President Harrison as a man with prospects of another nomination to the Presidency," inasmuch as "the American people are too jealous of the honor of their Presidents to allow him to be a safe candidate." Even the politicians who would not feel any moral scruples about supporting a man who would make a corrupt bargain, are not favorably disposed toward Mr. Harrison, because it is alleged, on excellent Republican authority, that he did not live up to his pledges.

Visitors to the field of Waterloo are generally entertained, both going and returning, by a number of children who run alongside the carriage throwing handsprings and standing on their heads, and then holding out their hands for small copper coins. The two Congressmen from Massachusetts who on Wednesday week offered resolutions to censure Ambassador Bayard, are statesmen of this type. They will stand on their heads or do anything else grotesque for the smallest piece of Chinese cash that was ever tossed into the gutter of politics. The acrobatic performances were begun by Mr. McCall, a greenhorn, evidently, for he limited his resolution to a request for information on the subject of Mr. Bayard's speech at Edinburgh. Mr. Barrett took the wind out of his sails by

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proposing that Bayard be impeached. The Constitution provides that "the President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the United States shall be removed from office on impeachment for and conviction of treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors."

Mr. Bayard's offence consisted in using the following words in his speech at Edinburgh:

"In my country I have witnessed the insatiable growth of a form of socialism styled protection, which has done more to corrupt public life, to banish men of independent mind from public counsels, and to lower the tone of national representation than any other single cause. Protection now controlling, the sovereign power of taxation has been perverted, from its proper function of creating revenue to support the Government, into an engine of selfish profit, allied with combinations called Trusts. It thus has sapped the popular conscience by giving corrupting largess to special interests, and it throws legislation into the political market, where jobbers and chafferers take the place of statesmen."

Now this is not treason, because, under the Constitution, treason consists only in levying war against the United States, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. The word "enemies" in this case means any country or people with whom the United States are at war. Of course Mr. Bayard's offence is not bribery. Therefore, if impeachable, it must be a high crime or misdemeanor. But a high crime or misdemeanor must be an offence indictable under a statute or at common law. Yet even Mr. Dingley was so upset mentally that when asked by Mr. Crisp whether he considered Mr. Bayard's remarks impeachable, he replied that he did. In other words, he stood on his head for a sou along with Barrett—poor man. Finally, Mr. Cannon moved to strike out from Barrett's resolution the words "by impeachment or otherwise," and his motion was agreed to without a division. The acrobatic performance had come to an end for the day. It is liable to start up again at any time.

Senator Mills of Texas has repeatedly demonstrated his courage and independence, as when, some months ago, he came out strongly against the free coinage of silver, but his mastery of the questions involved in this proposition seems not to have been complete. He has astonished the friends of sound money by introducing in the Senate a bill which, among other propositions that are safe enough, provides that, when the gold reserve shall fall below $100,000,000, the Secretary of the Treasury "shall" redeem the notes issued under the act "in silver." Of course such action by the Government would immediately destroy the parity of gold and silver, and put the currency of the country on a silver basis. That a man who realizes the terrible consequences of free coinage should not also perceive the equally disastrous effects of this policy, is amazing. But it is encouraging to find that the press of his State is doing its best to open the Senator's eyes. The Austin *Statesman*, the Democratic newspaper at the capital of Texas, says of the scheme:

"If the plan of Mr. Mills was adopted, all the evils contemplated by the coinage of free silver at 16 to 1 would be precipitated upon us. If the Mills financial bill became a law, we should, as if by magic, 'presto, change,' fall from a gold to a silver standard. Mr. Mills's bill is quite as dangerous as the broadest platform of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1."

Senator Dubois's proposition to distribute the appropriation bills among several committees, instead of leaving them practically in the hands of one, is defended on the ground that it would expedite business and secure more thorough consideration, but it is really another step towards chaos in our public finance. The great vice of our system of Government taxing and spending is, that one set of men do the taxing and another the spending. The spenders do not know or greatly care how much money there will be to spend. They hope for the best and go blindly ahead. The great check on them has been in the past that, by luck more than purpose, a sort of central controlling power has been lodged in the committee on appropriations. Everybody remembers how Samuel J. Randall, as chairman of this committee, was for years the terror of the spendthrifts, being able to rise in the House and convincingly prove that the appropriation bills were too large and must be cut down. The logrollers and the spendthrifts long ago saw to it that this barrier should not stand in their way; the breaking up and distribution of the appropriation bills in the House took place, with the results we know. Now it is proposed to destroy in the Senate, too, the central responsibility for extravagance and make everything plain sailing. It is a move in the wrong direction. We need to concentrate, not scatter, the work of controlling both Government income and Government outgo.

We find simultaneously in our Kansas exchanges the statement that a new census just taken shows that "there is probably not another State in the Union whose population is so thoroughly American as that of Kansas"—more than 90 per cent. of the people having been born in the United States—and this profound criticism of the President's plan for retiring greenbacks by Lucien Baker, a native American who has just taken his seat to serve a six years' term in the United States Senate:

"The truth of the matter is, Mr. Cleveland probably doesn't like the thought of greenbacks. They helped to whip too many of his party during the war."

The coincidence of the two announcements revives our curiosity as to how it happens that so "thoroughly American" a State as Kansas elects Llewellings as Governors, and Bakers and Peffers for Senators, while Wisconsin, with a great foreign population, is represented, both at the State and the national capitals, by sound-money men, whether the Republicans or the Democrats are in power; and Minnesota, with the largest proportion of foreign-born voters of all the States save its neighbor North Dakota, never allows Populism to get control, and sends a native of Norway to combat in the Senate the financial vagaries of the American Senators from Kansas.

The recent rather sensational developments in the affairs of the American Tobacco Company have their comic side so far as relates to pure speculation or gambling in the shares of the company in Wall Street; but there is an economic point also involved. In certain quarters there have been raised for some time voices against all huge corporations, Trusts, or combinations, on the ground of the dire consequences which must come upon the community because of the success that these corporations or Trusts must have through their practical monopoly. The American Tobacco Company has been often cited as an illustration, since the commercial methods adopted to prevent the sale of other tobaccos may properly be characterized as outrageous; such methods, it was argued, should be put down by law. But what is the result? The very means employed by the company to accomplish its monopolistic ends have been the instruments of its defeat; such a policy has aroused more determined opposition than any Trust or company doing a legitimate business has had to face, while at the same time the expense of such a course has compelled the stoppage of dividends. So far, then, from taking the case of this monopolistic company as furnishing an instance of the need of prohibitive legislation, it would be more in keeping with business principles to say that this same company is an illustration of the truth that no severe Trust laws are needed, and that the violation of fair dealing brings its own punishment where the possibilities of competition are open to everybody.

The Powers having got permission to bring up each a second guard-ship, are now refraining from exercising it. That is, inasmuch as they can have them in twelve hours whenever they want them, they are allowing them to wait orders down below. The reasons why the Powers do not move, in spite of the pending horrors, have to be guessed at, but it is comparatively easy to guess at them. The fact is, that the only Power which can reach the scene is Russia, and if she were willing to move, she could do but little in that region in the snow, though all accounts agree that she is getting ready by massing troops and preparing ships in the Black Sea. One of Russia's objections to moving probably is that when the break-up comes, she does not want to be told that what she has in possession, the

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wild, mountainous, and remote Armenia, is all she is going to get. She wants Constantinople, and does not care who knows it. Austria wants Salonica and the whole of Macedonia, and an outbreak in Macedonia is said to be one of the coming troubles. Austria is waiting for this as an excuse for marching in. England wants to keep Egypt; France, Tunis and Syria; and Italy, Tripoli. They are all like candidates at a Presidential convention, watching each other, waiting for each other to make "a false step," or precipitate some sort of crisis, or hoping that the crisis will be brought on by some accident, such as a rising in Constantinople or another rebellion in Europe. But the main and controlling cause of their reserve is almost certainly the knowledge they all have, since 1870, of the frightful cost and slaughter of war, under the new military organizations. Each would try to outdo the others in the number of men it could put in the field; and whether there exists in Europe a single man capable of moving these great masses, or a commissariat capable of feeding them, nobody knows. The cost of the late Franco-German war is calculated at $7,500,000 a day. If the fighting should begin at sea, too, the chances are that whole fleets, which it has taken years and millions to construct, will go to the bottom in every battle. Now we do not believe there is a statesman in Europe to-day who has nerve enough to begin a war of this kind. Bismarck was the last man of that heroic mould, and he always avowed that if he had lost Sadowa, he would have shot himself. Not one of the European Ministers has either the physical or moral courage to say that the time for fighting has come. So they are all waiting for some accident that will relieve everybody of responsibility by making action seem inevitable.

Sir Charles Dilke speaks on foreign politics with infinitely more knowledge than Mr. Chamberlain, and in a speech on Monday affirmed that the latter's talk about imperial federation and a colonial customs union is imperial nonsense. He said emphatically, and with much truth, that Canada and Australia are much more likely to think of casting off all connection with England than of surrendering a jot of their present taxing power or local self-government. Mr. Chamberlain has, in fact, chosen a peculiarly inappropriate time for his schemes for international *rapprochement*. International jealousy and exacerbation are more rampant just now than for many years. It has got so that even war supplies cannot be purchased from hated foreigners without bringing the whole Parliament down on the back of the offending Minister, as in the French Chamber the other day, when it appeared that the French troops in Madagascar had been fed on English tinned goods. Better let them starve than do that.

A municipal scandal in Madrid seems hardly a sufficient cause for the fall of the Spanish ministry. The explanation lies in the nature of the scandal and the attitude of the Government towards it. The city Council had become Tammanyized, and was exposed by the Marquis of Cabriñana. That gentleman was the owner of some land expropriated by the city, but, when he asked for his pay, was himself asked by the councilmen what *he* would pay to get his money voted him. After getting definite propositions from several of them, he blew up the whole thing in the press, with names, facts, and dates all set forth. A storm of popular indignation at once burst upon the officials implicated, which was not lessened, as may easily be imagined, by an attempt to assassinate the daring Marquis—an attempt naturally charged upon them. Suspicion once directed their way, ugly questions began to be asked about their suddenly and mysteriously acquired wealth, *à la* Tammany, their fine houses and carriages obtained without visible income. Various shady municipal contracts were recalled and shown up, and a fierce demand arose for the speedy trial and punishment of the criminal councilmen. Here the central Government hesitated fatally. With true Tammany instinct, the imperilled officials resorted to their political "pull," besieged the members of the ministry whom they had helped in tight places, and dilated on the vast importance of keeping together for the next general election. An impression got abroad that the culprits would be allowed to escape, and so great grew the popular fury that the ministry itself has been broken before it. The Madrid Tammany "pull" has thus simply pulled down three members of the cabinet. But the whole incident is one of those fine, involuntary tributes to our institutions which we sometimes get from the Old World to cheer us on when we begin to despair of the triumph of democracy.

The annihilation of the greater part of Major Toselli's troops by the Abyssinians is not the first experience of this kind that the Italians have had. A loss of 700 men, however, even if few of them are Europeans, is a pretty serious check to expansion in that quarter. In 1868, when the British expedition overcame Theodore, it met with almost no opposition. The badly armed subjects of the Negus, tired of his cruelty and despotism, abandoned him on all sides. In the one skirmish of importance, the English had only about thirty men wounded. This easy success deceived the world as to the power of resistance of the Abyssinians; hence the Khedive Ismail, with his disciplined army and American officers, undertook to annex their land. The result was the battle of Gudda Gubi in 1875, in which the Egyptian force of some 7,000 men was utterly destroyed. In the following campaign a larger army was likewise defeated, only a small part of it escaping. For the next ten years the Negus John was busy in strengthening his authority over his turbulent subjects, especially Menelik, then only King of Shoa, till the Italian occupation of Massowa brought about a collision. In 1887 Ras Alula destroyed an Italian detachment at Dogali, and when 20,000 men were sent from Europe to avenge the disaster by a great victory, the Abyssinian army, after reconnoitring the position of the foe, wisely retreated into the interior of the country, unmolested and unpursued. Then followed a lull, due to the death of John in battle against the Mahdists and the accession of Menelik, who, to strengthen his position, agreed in 1889 to the treaty of Utchiali. The borders of Eritrea were pushed back for one reason or another, as is always the case in such colonies, until the struggle for Tigre with Ras Mangasha, son of King John, has led to another general war. The Abyssinians have shown themselves patriotic and brave, and they can bring into the field, if need be, a hundred thousand men, who, besides being undoubtedly much better armed than they were a few years ago, have had some training from European officers. Italy may still prevail against them, but if the Madagascar expedition has cost France 100,000,000 francs, how is a country nearly on the verge of bankruptcy to pay the price of making and retaining a conquest that is vastly more difficult?

Herr Bebel, standing up in the Reichstag for the right of a German representative to criticise the Kaiser, is perhaps not a very heroic figure, but he serves to show what a chunk of pure mediævalism are the Emperor's ideas of his own sacrosanct personality and lèse-majesté. It seems an anachronism for a representative in 1895 to have to send such a message to his monarch as Mirabeau sent Louis XVI., or as the Speaker of the House of Commons gave Charles I. in 1642. Bebel doubtless knew he ran no great risk personally. The Reichstag had already fought out this issue with William, and had decided that members must enjoy immunity for criticism even of an infallible and heaven-guided Emperor. He may pounce upon unlucky editors and Socialist orators who speak disrespectfully of him, but he cannot prevent the Reichstag from discussing his policy and his personality. Meanwhile his present fury against the Socialists, whom a few years ago he was coddling, is manifestly fitted to strengthen their hands by disposing all lovers of free speech in Germany to side with them. When a man like Prof. Delbrück is threatened with prosecution for speaking his mind on politics, it gives more than a show of reason to Bebel in declaring that the issue between the Socialists and William the Dasher-to-Pieces is simply the issue of freedom of speech and writing.

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SECRETARY CARLISLE'S REPORT.

We think that intelligent men of business will agree that no Secretary of the Treasury in this generation has shown more alacrity in mastering his own department and the principles which underlie it than Mr. Carlisle. It must be remembered that his training and experience before he took the office did not at all fit him for its duties. The case was somewhat different with Secretary Manning (who likewise developed great aptitude for the work thrown upon him), for he was a bank president at the time of his appointment, whereas Mr. Carlisle was a lawyer, with only such instruction in public finance as may be picked up by an industrious Congressman. The evidences of his lack of training are recognizable in his Congressional career, but they are happily relieved by signs everywhere of capacity to learn, and willingness to abandon wrong positions and adopt better ones as soon as conviction was brought to his mind. Coupled with this readiness of perception is a power of exposition which very few men ever attain, of which we have had abundant examples during the past two years, and especially in those remarkable speeches connected with the Memphis sound-money convention.

Mr. Carlisle's official report on the finances now published is up to his standard in every particular, and it bears the marks of statesmanship in putting the naked truth before Congress and the people without any gloss whatever. To use a common phrase, he calls a spade a spade. He calls the greenback a burden on the nation's back, and an embarrassment to the financial operations of the Government, as it is. He asks for authority to retire the legal-tender notes once for all, and to restrict the Government to its proper and pristine business of collecting and disbursing the public revenue. Very likely he will not get it from the present Congress, very likely he will not get it at all; but his report of the present year will stand as an unanswerable argument in favor of it until some successor of his does get it.

A report of such length as this, and so crammed with matter of importance, cannot be analyzed in a single article. We can only touch upon a few of its salient points. The Secretary answers first the accusation frequently made that he has been using the proceeds of bond sales to pay the current expenses of the Government. Would it be believed that the law which *compels* him to use for current expenses the greenbacks that come to the Treasury for redemption in gold, was first proposed by John Sherman when he held the office of Secretary? That appears to be fact from a paragraph quoted by Mr. Carlisle from Sherman's annual report for 1877. He said that he believed that greenbacks could be so used after they had been redeemed; but, inasmuch as this construction of the law had been controverted, he desired that it should be expressly affirmed and put beyond reach of dispute. The act of May 31, 1878, was accordingly passed at his instance, making it mandatory upon the Secretary to pay out the greenbacks that have been redeemed, and keep them in circulation. This has been done by Secretary Carlisle so far as the public expenses would warrant. Of course the Secretary has no right to give away any greenbacks even to execute the mandate of the law of 1878.

The Secretary says that there is no need of additional revenue at this time, because the Treasury is full to overflowing with greenbacks turned in for gold, which *must be paid out*, under the terms of the law. He believes that the ordinary revenue will exceed the ordinary expenditure during the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1896, but in any event the difference must be small and will be more than covered by the great surplus carried over from the present year. This declaration will be gall and wormwood to the Ohio triumvirate who are working for a new tariff on wool under pretence that the Treasury is in need of funds, but really to tax the consumers of woollen goods for their own benefit.

Mr. Carlisle gives in detail an account of the bond-syndicate transaction of last February. The only new thing presented is his reason for not insisting on the exact fulfilment of the requirement that one-half of all the gold bought should come from Europe. Upon this point he says:

> "After a large part of the gold had been furnished from abroad, the Secretary, in order to prevent disturbance in the rates of foreign exchange at a critical period and avoid a condition which would force gold exports and consequent withdrawals from the Treasury, acquiesced in a departure from the literal terms of the contract, that one half of the coin should be procured abroad, and accepted deposits of gold then held in this country to complete the delivery. Ordinary prudence demanded that the success of the plan to protect the Treasury against withdrawals should not be endangered by insisting upon a strict compliance with all the details of the contract, especially as the Government could sustain no loss, and the whole amount of gold stipulated for was secured."

This reason must be accounted satisfactory. The main thing to be done was to quiet the public mind, to alleviate the panic, to put a stop to needless withdrawals of gold. Withdrawals of this class were imitative. People drew gold out because they saw others doing so. To have insisted on drawing gold from Europe at a time when sterling exchange was close to the exporting-point, would have led to necessary withdrawals from the Treasury, and this might have led to new imitative ones. The Secretary mentions also the interesting fact that the bond syndicate, after they had completed their deliveries under the contract, deposited upwards of $16,000,000 gold more than they were required to do, taking legal-tender notes in exchange therefor.

If the selling of bonds for coin to redeem the notes with, and the reissue of the notes, are to continue, the Secretary says that the result will be the creation of a public debt larger than would be required to retire and cancel the whole lot, and the annual interest charge will be much greater than it would be necessary to incur on a new class of bonds specially adapted to the purpose. He repeats the request that authority be granted for the issue of new class low-interest, short-time bonds, or certificates to meet emergencies. This request was embraced in his two preceding reports. An amendment to an appropriation bill granting such authority was carried through the Senate, at Mr. Sherman's instance, just before the present Cleveland Administration came in, but was rejected by the House on the threat of Mr. Bland that he would filibuster against the bill to the end of the session unless that clause were dropped. Mr. Sherman will now have a chance to try again, and he may succeed this time, as Mr. Bland no longer blocks the way.

The arguments advanced by the Secretary for retiring the greenbacks have never been more strongly put, and, indeed, cannot be. It is useless to attempt to summarize or condense them, since, although they are voluminous, they contain not a word too much. We can only commend them to the thoughtful attention of the people.

SENTIMENTAL JINGOISM.

By this term we would charitably characterize the address delivered by Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, on Memorial Day, and now printed, with all rights reserved, in the current issue of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. Its theme was "The Soldier's Faith," and its object to glorify war and the war spirit. The young men who listened to it, the élite of our foremost university, were admonished that "war is the business of youth and early middle age," and were encouraged to pity the moralists and philanthropists who "declare that war is wicked, foolish, and soon to disappear." "The society," continued Judge Holmes, "for which many philanthropists, labor reformers, and men of fashion unite in longing, is one in which they may be comfortable and may shine without much trouble or any danger." General prosperity, in which, while all thrive, some get rich, seems to him to breed a belief that money is the main thing, and so to foster the hatred of the poor for the rich. "In this snug, over-safe corner of the world," he says—that is, a continent where Jingoism is a pure exotic—we need some discipline like war to remind us that we ought not to be as safe and comfortable as we are, and to make us "ready for danger" if not spoiling for a fight.

By such doctrine in such a place, we do not hesitate to say that the orator abused the holiday occasion. As if our Fourth of July festival had not done enough to perpetuate hostile feeling between England and America, and to make

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the flag a war symbol above all else to the youth of this land, the newer festival of Memorial Day must end in a similar perversion. The natural forces which made secession and disruption impossible, have contributed to neutralize the inherent tendency of Memorial Day to prolong sectional antipathy, and have even wrested it in an opposite, most salutary direction. Judge Holmes does not say that he thinks another civil war would be better than our "little space of calm in the midst of the tempestuous, untamed streaming of the world," but he is on the lookout for a shindy in some quarter, and concludes that the memories of the war for the Union—a war as truly de ensive as that of the Revolution—may be properly utilized to excite a bellicose temper in the student breast. The prospect of peaceful and smiling industry has on him the proverbial effect of a fine day on an Englishman—"Let us kill something."

Judge Holmes has been reared in a community which, as no other in the world, has exemplified what we may call the conscience of wealth; whose merchant princes have been princely not in lavish and ostentatious living, but in public benefactions. In Judge Holmes's eyes we must assume that all this is dross. Is not the air full of "danger"? Is it a time to be snugly settling down with permanent foundations for hospitals, kindergartens, colleges, libraries, museums, and pleasure-grounds? What are the rich doing to avert the hatred of the poor? *Risum teneatis?* The son and namesake of a great humorist gazes "with delight upon our polo-players. If once in a while, in our rough riding, a neck is broken, I regard it, not as a waste, but as a price well paid for the breeding of a race fit for headship and command"! And not only in a diversion all but reserved for the unemployed rich, who are commonly reckoned among the dangerous classes, does Judge Holmes discern the salvation of "faith in the worth of heroism"; every dangerous sport he sees pursued rejoices him. Moreover, inasmuch as "the students at Heidelberg, with their sword-slashed faces," inspired him "with sincere respect," he could not but be pleased if the Germanizing of his alma mater should embrace this barbarism also.

No reflecting person needs to be informed that war is the rich man's opportunity and the poor man's calamity, that it makes the rich richer and the poor poorer, and that no absurder mode of reconciling the two classes could be proposed. Who does not remember what our civil war did for the sudden making of great fortunes as well as of splendid names, and how the scale of riches was altered until a millionaire has ceased to excite attention? The poor are still laboring under the war debt and the war tariff, which the Jingoes are now bent on aggravating. They already had for a leader one Harvard graduate, Senator Lodge, and was it necessary for Judge Holmes also to make his bed with them? He could not do so if he were not blind to any definition of heroism that does not imply slaughter of one's fellow-beings. Talk as you please about the soldier's heroism, it does not surpass that of the locomotive engineer in the performance of his daily duty. And if Judge Holmes will take a leaf out of his Erasmus, he will find a Colloquy in which the soldier's perils are compared with those of child-bearing, to no advantage of the former. But women, since they cannot indulge in polo, or duelling, or battle, are implicitly excluded by Judge Holmes from all share in heroism, or knowledge of the article, or faith in it. They are the greatest sufferers by war, yet are not even fitted to receive what our orator calls "its divine message."

The truth is, that Judge Holmes, like most Jingoes, idealizes the commonplace act of dying and risk of death. There are a hundred who can face both in a becoming manner to one who can pursue a moral life amid all temptations. The murderer on the scaffold can die game; as many jockeys have broken their necks in the race-course as polo-players. We can never, in the civilized man, draw the line between physical and moral courage; and Darwin rightly discerned moral courage in that heroic baboon who went back into the plain to face the hunters, that he might bring off in safety a young one left behind. If we cultivate moral courage, we can leave physical courage to take care of itself. Mankind, while prizing both, pays its lasting honors to the former. Judge Holmes, with his customary taste, cites much good verse in support of his contention as against the moralists and philanthropists; but it is in vain. The poet of his own university has put Lincoln, of all the men of the civil war, on the highest pinnacle—not as nominal commander-in-chief of the army and navy, but for his homely virtues of sagacity, foresight, patience, humility, kindly-earnestness, courage.

> "Life may be given in many ways,
> And loyalty to Truth be sealed
> As bravely in the closet as the field."

UNION FOR CLEVELAND.

One of the interesting things in Jingoism is its readiness to stand behind the President in solid phalanx in case he wants to go to war with anybody. The Indianapolis *Journal*, Gen. Harrison's home organ, has lately expressed itself to the effect "that when it comes to resisting British aggression, there will be no Republicans and no Democrats. We shall all be Americans, and if Grover Cleveland is President when the crisis comes, we shall all be Cleveland men." Offers of enlistment for a war with England come in, too, every day or two from loose fishes of both parties all over the country. They all sink political differences for this occasion. The ex-Confederates are particularly anxious to back the President up in this matter. Ex-Gov. T. J. Churchill, a famous Confederate warrior, has offered his services to the President for the English war, by telegraph. He says the American people are a "unit" in favor, not so much of the Monroe doctrine as of "enforcing it." The fun lies not in the doctrine, but in the fighting over it.

What is striking and impressive about this willingness to rally round the President is that it shows itself only when it seems likely that he can be got to kill people and destroy property. The resemblance of Jingodom in this to an Indian village is very remarkable. A good leader of war parties has there all the men of the tribe under sixty at his back. When he is planning a raid on one of their neighbors with a promise of plenty of scalps, the critics have to hide their diminished heads. They are all Man-that's-Afraid-of-his-Horse men, or Man-that-Walks-under-the-Ground men. The disgruntled, or the prudent, or the peaceable, if there are any, have to lie still in the tepees and pretend to be asleep, while the warriors are painting themselves and cleaning their arms, outside. But if at this moment the leader were to propose that, instead of going on a raid, they should follow him into a potato-hoeing or a corn-planting enterprise, or should help him to build a school-house, execrations both loud and deep would greet him on every side. The language of the tribe would fail to supply epithets sufficient to describe his baseness and meanness. In fact, he would probably have to run for his life and stay away for a considerable period.

Jingoism is, in fact, like Indian readiness for war, simply another name for imperfect civilization. It is a simple outburst like negro-burning, lynching, and jail-breaking, of the imperfectly subdued barbarous instincts of an earlier time. To get men to abandon fighting as the chief and most honorable business of their lives, and the only respectable way of ending disputes, has been the main work of modern civilization; and what hard work it has been, one has only to read a little Froissart or Joinville to see. That the work is far from complete in this country there are signs every day in the unwillingness to submit to law either at home or abroad. At the South, even down to our own day, it has been not uncommon for the William M. Evartses to fall on the Daniel Lords with knife and pistol, or for the Chemical Bank Presidents to warn the Park Bank Presidents that they would be "shot on sight." This seems absurd to us, but only because we have passed into a more advanced stage of civilization.

This readiness on the part of his political enemies to support the President, should he decide to slaughter Englishmen and Canadians and lay waste their soil, is therefore a useful sociological study. But it must be taken in connection with

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their furious unreadiness to support him when he proposes to engage in any useful work, or to make a contribution to civilization. When he says, "Brethren, let us all be Americans and reform our currency," or "Let us all be Americans and frame a rational system of taxation," or "Let us all be Americans and establish a good consular system," execrations meet him on every side. Shouts of "Put him in a hole!" "Wait till '97!" "Infamous," "Un-American," "Base duck-hunter," are heard in every direction. No union then; no "standing behind him." His smallest work of peace, or order, or humanity is treated as a piece either of deep-laid villany or of gross stupidity. In fact, it is quite safe to predict that the larger part of the patriotic work of the present Congress will consist in preparing "holes" for Cleveland and keeping him in them. Every question of national importance will be subordinated to this. His only mode of escape will be some plan of slaughter and devastation in some foreign country. If he will only make a good show of widows and orphans and human remains, and of destroyed property, he may make himself the idol of "good Americans," and have all his financial and other errors forgotten, including his duck-hunting. The temptation for an ordinary man to escape in this way is very strong. It has been known to affect even Presbyterian elders. There were signs in the last message to Congress that even Mr. Cleveland had felt its force—to what degree, it was left for his message on Venezuela to reveal. But, as has been shown a hundred times in the history of all civilized countries, the only certain popularity is that which comes from attempts to make people happy. The fame of destroyers is always built on a large amount of human misery, and Providence has arranged that this shall not be sure and shall not last.

FORCE AS A MORAL INFLUENCE.

As we take notice above, a judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court has just printed an address to young men in favor of war—that is, of killing people and destroying their property—on the ground that if you put it off too long, your character runs down and you get too fond of money. Another judge, in Louisiana, has written a letter strongly recommending everybody, including women, to carry concealed weapons, as the best preventive of "assaults and burglaries." He makes no mention whatever, in the letter, of police or courts. Last of all, Chief-Justice Snodgrass of Tennessee has sought out in his office a lawyer who criticised a judgment of the court, and shot him twice handsomely, though not fatally.

These things seem to us part and parcel of the great movement against peace and law, as the two canker worms of modern society, which is spreading rapidly all over our nation. The dangers of peace as an influence on character have long been known and been gallantly struggled against by the nations of the Old World. The Swiss, in fact, felt the matter so deeply that, for two centuries, when there was no fighting going on at home, they hired themselves to fight in other people's quarrels, in order to get the benefit of the moral influence. Louis XIV., too, was so afraid of the effect of prolonged peace on the character of his people that he carried on war steadily for fifty years, with the happiest results. Napoleon followed his example, but on a greater scale and with more enthusiasm. The schooling the French people got from his campaigns have made them ever since the admiration of mankind for modesty, simplicity, and indifference to the pleasures of the senses. The spiritualizing influence of war was never so clearly revealed as in the career of this saintly people. Of the effect on the British of their wars, we need hardly speak. The indifference to material gain, and the longing for the things of the spirit, which have grown out of British battles by land and sea, are known to everybody. As to the effect of our own war, the rush into plain living which followed it, the contempt for wealth which suddenly showed itself among all classes of the community, the furious determination which displayed itself among debtors of every degree to pay their creditors not what the law allowed, but what was really due to them, the growth of stern integrity and candor among our public men, the disappearance of tramps, and the passionate love of industry which developed itself among the working classes, showed that we had not killed 500,000 men, between 1860 and 1865, in vain. They really died as moral instructors.

The judges we have mentioned above are simply protesting against the insidious, soul-destroying reverence for human life which has been gradually growing up among us, and which is so fatally corrupting our young men, and is at the South actually making duelling disreputable. The following letter recently sent by the Hon. Steve Clay of Cobb, Ga., in reply to a challenge from a litigant against whom he had appeared in court, shows how the poison is working in that section. Said the Hon. Steve:

"I am opposed to duelling. I am opposed to it because it is prohibited by the Constitution of this State, that I have frequently sworn to support and defend. I am opposed to it because it is condemned by every principle of our laws and every doctrine of our religion. I am opposed to it because I am unwilling to *commit murder, or to become a party to its* commission by others. I never intend to take the life of a human being, unless it is absolutely necessary to do so in self-defence. I have a family and dependent little ones who look to me for support. They have higher claims upon me than you can possibly have. You have neither a family nor a future, and hazard nothing but a life without ties or associations that make it desirable to live; a life embittered by disappointments, seared, wretched, and dwarfed by failure and selfishness. I have no reason for desiring to meet you out of the State, nor have I done you any wrong that *entitles you to any redress at my hands.* I have done you no injustice. If I had, I am manly enough to confess it and make the proper reparation for it."

The man who challenged doubtless felt himself suffering from the effects of peace. He felt that if he could only kill Steve, it would purify his moral nature and raise his whole character to a higher plane. He felt the meanness and baseness of sitting down quietly under Steve's language in court, and the degradation, in fact, of submitting to a court at all. He felt, in short, the tide of corruption and sloth rising around him, and determined to make one gallant effort to escape by killing somebody. The fops, the dudes, the diners-out, the luxurious bankers, as they hear the dollars chink, may laugh at this humble soul, but he none the less was eager to expose his life for the elevation of his race, and shall have his reward.

These judges also in effect protest against the growing respect for law, including international law. Coming from such a quarter, we confess, this protest is one of the sublimest things in human history. They live by the law; to the law they owe their salaries; to the popular reverence for it they owe the respect which surrounds them. But they are none the less ready to advise everybody to take the law into his own hands, to decide international disputes by the strong arm. Nay, one of them, feeling the futility of words, has been willing to brave popular prejudice by leaving the bench, going to the office of an offensive lawyer, and taking a crack at him with a revolver. This is the kind of courage the times call for. This is the kind of example our young men need. Such counsels, coming from such a quarter, must open the eyes of the community to the road it is travelling.

For what do obedience to the law and reliance on the law mean if not the surrender of one's own will, the concession to others of the power of deciding disputes in which one knows one is right? And what can be the result of this but enfeeblement of character and of purpose, the lowering of the standard of manhood and of courage, the loss of that trust in one's own right arm and a good sword which, from the earliest times, has been the boast and glory of the race? Chief-Justice Snodgrass has only wounded Beasley of the Chattanooga bar, but we say boldly that, even if he had killed him on the spot, the murder of hundreds of Beasleys would be a "price well paid," to use Judge Holmes's language, "for the breeding of a race fit for headship and command." It is for battle that men should be bred, and in the field of battle who would not sooner serve under Snodgrass than Mansfield or Marshall? We thank them all for their manly warnings to a generation rapidly sinking into wealth, quiet nights, and regular meals.

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S COLONIAL SCHEMES.

THE gradual getting rid, by the English Conservatives, of the various disguises under which they won the last election, is one of the most interesting processes to which the English have been treated of late years. The Tory programme is, except probably in the matter of public education, being rapidly reduced to a series of negatives. That is, what they propose is mainly *not* to do any of those things the Liberals were going to do. This, of course, gets rid of home rule, and Welsh disestablishment, and local option, and a general assortment of Radical "fads." But the Tory constituencies expected substitutes for them, such as some sort of protection for agriculture, and free trade in India for the Manchester men, and increased subventions for the church schools, and something mysterious in the way of colonial policy. The most pressing of all these was the revival of agriculture, but all hope of it has vanished. A deputation waited on Lord Salisbury the other day to ask for a readjustment of the duty on beer so as to encourage hops and barley, but even this he rejected as "sounding" in protection, concerning which, he said, "public opinion had not changed." The Indian duties on cotton imports, for which Manchester has been waiting, are to be abolished as soon as the Indian budget balances. But no date is fixed, or indeed fixable, for this most desirable event, and Manchester naturally feels somewhat "sold." The church has apparently a better chance than any of the other malcontents, in the way of increased allowances to the voluntary schools, but nothing is settled. Everything is "under consideration," although Lord Salisbury's rather saucy tone towards a Wesleyan deputation which waited on him the other day makes the churchmen very hopeful. He openly ranged himself on that occasion on the Anglican side by speaking of "we Anglicans" and "you Wesleyans."

But nothing in the programme quite equals Mr. Chamberlain's performances. There is nothing even in Beaconsfield's career which quite matches the Birmingham orator's rôle. No one knew why he took the place of Colonial Secretary. He had never been associated with colonies in any way. The line he had marked out for himself clearly in politics was the provision of some sort of relief for the poor, the old, and the suffering. When he was a Radical he hinted that the expenses of this process would have to be got in some manner out of the pockets of the rich in the shape of "ransom." Since he became a Conservative he has hinted, but more obscurely, that they would be provided by some sort of financial operation, which the City men never clearly understood, but which was supposed to be "under consideration." But, to the great surprise of the country, the minute his Tory friends offered him office, he dropped the English poor and lowly and took charge of the colonies. To those who asked for an explanation of this he announced, with a marvellous imitation of Disraeli's best manner, that he looked on the colonies as "undeveloped estates," and he proposed to develop them. This is exactly the kind of phrase in which Disraeli used to delight, and Mr. Chamberlain has enjoyed the same immunity from inconvenient inquiries as to its meaning which Disraeli used to enjoy. How the colonies are "undeveloped estates," who is to develop them, what the Government has to do with it, where the money is to come from, who is to get the profits, are all questions which nobody has yet put to the brilliant Joseph, but there is no doubt that, when Parliament meets, there will be lively times about the enterprise.

At present he is supposed by his friends to be deeply meditating this scheme, whatever it is, and he is shrewdly talking very little. He received a warning as to the danger of too great explicitness from the *Economist*, not long ago, apropos of some astonishing figures he produced as to the commercial value of the Gold Coast. But recently he has begun writing despatches to the colonial governors about trade between Great Britain and the colonies. He says he is "impressed with the extreme importance of securing as large a share as possible of the mutual trade of the United Kingdom and the colonies for British producers and manufacturers, whether located in the colonies or Great Britain." He also asks for a return of foreign goods substituted for British goods in the colonies, and for a return of colonial products which might be advantageously exported to the United Kingdom, and for information as to quality, prices, and freight, etc. If this does no good, he says he will write another and fuller despatch.

We do not know how far this sort of game will be allowed to go before John Bull loses his temper, but nothing in Disraeli's career surpasses it. The effect is heightened by the fact that the Queen has taken quite a fancy to Mr. Chamberlain, as she did to Mr. Disraeli. He is a type of character and manner which apparently attracts her, and as long as he can bask in the royal favor he will probably not pay much attention to criticisms on his colonial plans. Nobody has as yet any idea of what he is going to do in the colonies—almost certainly nothing; but what his inquiries point to—some sort of legislation in aid of British and colonial trade, and the discovery of markets for languishing industries—is ludicrously out of tune with the policy of Great Britain and the trend of British opinion on these subjects for the last fifty years. Any such legislation would of course be a complete break with freedom of trade and with the great principle which triumphed in 1846—that individuals know their own business best. Of course there is not the smallest chance of any such legislation, or of the vote of money for Mr. Chamberlain's experiments. But his success in exciting the curiosity of the public about them and getting it to wait for them is a remarkable illustration of the willingness of mankind to be humbugged. What will remain of the affair in a year or two will be simply Mr. Chamberlain's despatches.

THE FINANCES OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

IN a recent number of the *Journal des Débats* M. Leroy-Beaulieu returns to the theme he has so often treated—the gloomy look of the national balance-sheet. He acquits the reporters of the budgets of responsibility for the increasing expenditure. They have repeatedly warned the Legislature of the perils of the situation. In 1892 M. Cavaignac pointed out that in one year, 1883, the expenses outside of the budget amounted to 834,000,000 francs; and that between 1881 and 1892 the total expenditure of this description was 6,667,000,000 francs. It has been supposed that a more conservative policy has prevailed during the last few years; but M. Leroy-Beaulieu's analysis shows that this belief is not very well founded. There has been some diminution of expenditure on great public works: a country of the size of France must be sufficiently equipped for the present with 40,000 kilometres of railway. There has also been a saving of 65,000,000 francs, arising from the refunding of debt; and superficially the budgets of recent years are encouraging. The deficit of 1892 was only 10 millions; that of 1893 a little more than 84 millions; that of 1894 but 20 millions, and in 1895 there was actually a surplus of 166,220 francs!

The gratification felt at this showing is dispelled by two considerations. On the one hand, the revenue account in these budgets is swollen by including the proceeds of loans; on the other, a number of disbursements, of an ordinary and permanent character, are not included in the budgets. Thus, in 1892, over 20,000,000 francs of this exceptional revenue was received; in 1893, nearly 8,000,000 francs; in 1894, not far from 30,000,000 francs. The accounts for 1895 are not yet completed, but they will include extraordinary revenue amounting to over 37,000,000 francs. It thus appears that the deficit for the four years 1892-'95, instead of being 114,000,000 francs, would be more properly estimated at 210,000,000.

This of itself might not seem alarming, but we have yet to consider the extra-budgetary disbursements. Some expenses that were formerly excluded from the budget are now included; but there are others which are of regular occurrence, but which are still treated as extraordinary. M. Cochery, as reporter of the budget, officially gives these as amounting to 129,000,000 francs in 1892, 91,000,000 in 1893, and 188,000,000 in 1894. Hence the total deficit, excluding from revenue the proceeds of loans, would be 159,000,-

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000 for 1892, 183,000,000 for 1893, and 238,000,000 for 1894. These figures, however, must be reduced by allowing for the payment of loans, which has taken place at the rate of about 63,000,000 francs a year during the three years referred to. On the other hand, M. Leroy-Beaulieu contends, the extension of loans at a reduced rate of interest, where unaccompanied with a corresponding reduction of taxes, implies a relative diminution of the resources of the people. The treatment, as an asset, of money advanced in payment of interest guaranteed by the Government on railway bonds, he very properly dismisses with contempt.

Well may M. Cochery cry out: "We are spending too much!" Within a dozen years the War Department has increased its expenses by 43,000,000 francs; the navy 61,000,000; colonies 11,000,000. Public instruction calls for 14,000,000 more, and will presently require twice as much; various charities have doubled their demand; civil pensions have increased by 9,000,000 since 1890; public works by 99,000,000. Moreover, there are laws in existence which demand additional appropriations to the amount of 164,000,000 per annum. Add to this that the departmental expenses within five years have increased 28,000,000, and those of the communes 74,000,000.

After all, there might be nothing terrible in this increased expenditure if the wealth of the people were increasing at a corresponding rate. Unfortunately, there is evidence that this is not the case. The population of France is stationary, if not actually decreasing; were it not for immigration it would certainly decrease. Moreover, the budget submitted by M. Cochery contains proof that the wealth of the French people is also stationary or declining; for the decreasing returns from taxation admit of no other explanation. The proceeds of the tax on the revenue from personal property have fallen nearly six per cent. since 1891. The tax on transfers of property between living persons yielded 187,000,000 in 1891 and 182,000,000 in 1894. Transfers on account of death also produce less, and the yield of the most important stamp taxes, except that on dealings at the Bourse, has fallen in four years from 129,000,000 to 124,000,000. These things, it must be remembered, have been done in a green tree. The cost of the acquisition of Madagascar remains to be met; and if France were to engage in a great European war, she could not possibly remain solvent. She has evidently nearly reached the limit of bearable taxation, and cannot be far from that of possible borrowing. But her legislators are incapable of reducing the exactions of Government. Finding that no more can be wrung from the income of the living, they are now turning to the accumulated wealth of the dead, and the Chamber has just voted, by a large majority, to appropriate such property to public uses, to the extent in certain cases of one-fifth of its amount.

"LIBRARIES."

THACKERAY was never tired of dilating on the advantage of authorship over other callings in the small amount of Persian apparatus it required. A little white paper, ink guaranteed not to blotch or run, and pens not to splutter, a table to sit at, and a chair or bed to sit on—and there you had the author's "plant" complete. With what delight, too, did he describe the *res angusta domi* of his Warringtons, his Philip Firmins, his Cassidys. Cowheel and tripe, rare vintages at 13 shillings the dozen, were the sufficient ambrosia and nectar of his slashing young reviewers and indefatigable newspaper exposers of the endless machinations of the Russians and Turks at so much the column. But this must be taken as a reflection of Thackeray's nearness to the degraded Grub-Street period of our literature, and his fondness for it. Johnson, with his threadbare coat, thinking it the pinnacle of felicity to know two days in advance how he was to get his dinner; Goldsmith, with his debts and duns; even Hood, grinning cheerfully in the face of poverty, disease, and death, had an unaccountable fascination over his intellect and heart. His sympathy so far got the better of his judgment that he did not see how shameful a thing it was for men of letters not to have the best of all that was going.

Luckily, we have changed all that. Literature has got out of such low places as the Mitre Tavern, and now exalts her mitred front in parliament and palace as grandly as Burke would have had the Established Church. Take the single item of authors' libraries. They show how far we have got beyond Thackeray's pens, ink, and paper on a deal table. The poorest of them have now a fine luxurious air with their rarities and fineries. Their attractive "nooks," their pictures and candlesticks and portières and writing-desks, quite incidentally their books, indicate in the most gratifying way the emergence of the literary profession from its dark and starveling age.

Let no one think that we speak of these luxuries from the standpoint of one privileged to gaze upon them from afar, with becoming awe; much less from that of personal ownership. Journalism in no way more surely proves that it is not literature than in so persistently going unclad in the latter's purple and fine linen. It is not necessary to say, then, that our knowledge of the interior fittings of the libraries of real authors is gained at second-hand. But the amount of second-hand, or second-class, information about them now accessible is getting to be enormous. We owe most of it to the kindly art of the photographer. Two things are now indispensable to a complete account of a popular living writer. One is a series of "human documents" in the shape of pictures of him from his unbreeched days down to his lean and slippered pantaloon period. The other is a series of photographs of his library. It is usually essential that he be himself seated at his desk, his brow sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought how the picture is going to turn out. But in any case his favorite "corner" must be figured; his desk, carelessly covered with the manuscript for which all the publishers are madly bidding; his table, on which the world's greatest books that daily feed or relax his mind are displayed in a wild civility. In so many periodicals, and relating to so many writers, have these pictures been made public that the idea of an author without his library has come to be wholly unthinkable. He may have no literary baggage of his own on which the stern customs officers of posterity—or even of two years hence—will assess the smallest ad-valorem duty; he may have neither wit nor words nor power of speech; but he must have his library. Without it no photographer will pay the slightest attention to him; and, but for the hope of attracting and pleasing the photographer, of course, no truly modern man of letters would scorn delights and live laborious days.

In this, however, it is only fair to say that authors are but children of their age. The part which a "library" plays in the pictured surroundings of any man prominently before the public has come to be more and more necessary. No aspiring politician is ever caught without one. Next to a scene from his lovely domestic life, with his carefully tended aged mother on one side of the fire and his wife and preternaturally clean children on the other, nothing is more telling in a hard-fought campaign than a view of him in his library in deep communion with Justinian, Machiavelli, Grotius, Montesquieu, Burke, Hamilton, Story, and a copy of the paper in which the picture appears. The absolutely essential place of a library among the stage properties of a political "sage" is too well known to require more than mention. Even editors have had libraries attributed to them in the popular prints, but public taste, we are sorry to say, has not yet been educated up to the point of seeing any *vraisemblance* in this rather feeble attempt at illusion. Quite a neat thing in the library line was fathered upon a judge of this city the other day, with a harp standing conspicuously by the entrance. Some saw in this a design upon the Irish vote, which has so many times rung through Tara's halls; but others, more shrewdly, saw in it an arrangement for soothing, after the manner of David with Saul, a mind which much learning had made mad.

We have left ourselves no space in which to speak of the books which the libraries contain and of the amount of reading done in them by their owners. But, after all, it takes no space to tell about what does not exist. The idea of books as things to read is getting pretty dim at best, and to "libraries" of the kind we are treating it long ago ceased to have any real relation. Matthew Arnold said, despairing-

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ly, that, if he lived to be eighty, he should probably be the only man in England who read anything but the newspapers and scientific reports. The prophecy has still seven years to run, but its fulfilment has already taken place in the libraries which exist only for the photographer and the smutch of publicity.

GENERAL THIÉBAULT.—II.

PARIS, November 29, 1895.

NAPOLEON was watching at Elba, with the keenest interest, the faults of the Bourbons and of the *émigrés*, and kept up secret communications with many of his partisans. At the Congress of Vienna, Prince Hardenberg and Talleyrand, "too guilty," says Thiébault, "towards Napoleon not to be the most cruel of his enemies," proposed that Napoleon should be transferred from the island of Elba to the distant island of St. Helena. In Thiébault's opinion, the Emperor had early formed the project of an expedition to France, and was only waiting for the dissolution of the Congress, for he knew that if he landed in France while the allied kings and their ambassadors were assembled, an armed coalition would be formed at once against him. But the Congress did not dissolve, and "an incident precipitated the action of Napoleon; this incident was the rebellion of Count d'Erlon and the march of this general on Paris." Thiébault's manuscript is interrupted at this point by the tearing out of nine pages. It continues with an account of the return from Elba, and the effect which this event produced in Paris. "If the Bourbons," says Thiébault, "left me no regret, Napoleon gave me no hope." He felt convinced that the return of the Emperor would only bring new misfortunes on France. "What is to be done?" was in everybody's mouth at the Tuileries, and in every house in Paris.

"On the 8th March I was at the Countess de V.'s, and, as everywhere, people spoke of this attack on a great kingdom by a single man as an astounding episode in such an extraordinary life. While it was admitted that if Napoleon was obliged to fire a single gun, he was lost, they spoke of the apprehensions caused by the troops. I said that to place a few soldiers, never mind which, in the presence of Napoleon and of the men whom he brought back with him, to bring them near enough for their faces to become visible and their voices to be heard, especially for Napoleon himself to be seen and heard, would render their defection inevitable, and that the only condition of avoiding the consequences of an irresistible attraction was to begin the fire with cannon at a great distance, for when once a drop of blood has flowed, soldiers hesitate no longer."

This idea was not followed, and, while the princes went in every direction to organize a vain resistance, Napoleon succeeded in doing what Thiébault had foreseen: he won over to his own cause, by the mere fact of his presence and of his own words, the troops which had been sent against him. On the 19th of March Thiébault went, as was usual on Sundays for the generals who were in Paris, to the Tuileries. He

"was drawn thither by the sentiment which leads people to the bed of a dying man. . . . I even shouted, like everybody, 'Vive le Roi!' when Louis XVIII. left the chapel to go to the Salon de la Paix—a hurrah of deference more than of foresight. Thinking that I had superabundantly fulfilled a conventional duty, I was about to go home when, in virtue of authority which had been given to him, Marshal Macdonald notified me that I had the command of all the troops which were on the point of being sent to Charenton, and that I should be specially intrusted with the mission of building, below the confluence of the Seine and the Marne, a bridge which would serve for the communications and even the retreat of the troops camping at Villejuif, where the headquarters was to be established. I had orders to defend and, if necessary, to blow up this bridge, as well as the bridge at Charenton, where I was at once to prepare a mine."

Thiébault recalls here the famous scene in the "Fourberies de Scapin"—"Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?" He felt that all was lost, and that he was sent on a fool's errand; but, he says, "whatever has even the appearance of duty has always been held sacred by me." So he went on his mission, tried in vain to find out what troops were going to Charenton, and took alone the road to that place. The Mayor was out; he chose himself a house in the village and established in it his headquarters. A young officer of artillery arrived with four guns; next came a colonel of royal volunteers; the colonel had no regiment, nor uniforms for one, nor guns, nor munitions. The few men who were with him had been picked up in the streets of Paris, and looked like thieves more than like soldiers. The Mayor arrived; he had no rations to furnish, he could procure no men for the construction of the bridge. Thiébault succeeded, with the greatest difficulty, in finding some soldiers and some workingmen, and threw his bridge across the river; he received from time to time contradictory news and orders. A regiment of cuirassiers came and placed itself in battle array near the bridge. The colonel told Thiébault that he had no further orders. A second regiment of cuirassiers arrived; its colonel, too, had no further orders. "If Napoleon," says Thiébault, "for some reason or other, had taken this road, if he had arrived before the bridge at Charenton and I had opened fire and blown up the bridge, it would not have hindered him at all; but, in the cruel hazard in which France was placed, strict obedience to the orders I had received became for me the most sacred duty of the soldier."

Napoleon did not arrive, and the cuirassiers became tired of waiting. Thiébault found himself almost alone, when he received a visit from an officer of the general staff of Paris, who wore already the tricolor cockade, and who ordered him verbally to dismiss all the officers who were with him, as well as the soldiers, and to return to his domicile in Paris. He left immediately, and, as he still retained his white cockade, he was hissed in the streets, had to dismount and take a cab, and so return to his house by deserted ways.

"Popular exaltations have such an electric power that I had hardly left my house when I felt that I was seized by the current, and, after having gone to the hôtel of Marshal Macdonald with the idea that I was going there to give the last account of my duties to the Bourbons, I became the object of an irresistible force which took me to the Tuileries. It was a quarter past nine. Napoleon had just arrived. In the most delirious exaltation twenty thousand persons at least were pressed round the Pavilion of Flora, in the staircases, and in the apartments where I thought I should never arrive. On leaving his carriage the Emperor had been seized and carried bodily to the drawing-rooms. Those who carried him were half mad; a thousand others boasted of having kissed or touched his clothes."

We pass over many details of this famous scene, which Thiébault compares to "the resurrection of Christ." Napoleon recognized him in the midst of the crowd, "and, having accompanied my name with a nod of his head and a gracious smile, he was able to read my emotion in my face. And still three hours had hardly passed when, a soldier of the Bourbons, I had my guns directed against him; but now it seemed to me that I had become French again." If you remember how Thiébault changed his mind in his early youth, and how suddenly, under the impulse of a popular demonstration, he became one of the combatants of the Bastile, you will acknowledge that age had taken nothing from his impulsiveness. At any rate, he was not a hypocrite nor a trimmer; he was not among those whom Lafontaine speaks of in one of his fables as saying by turns "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive la Ligue!" and who are typified in England by the Vicar of Bray. Thiébault was candid, and did not look after his own interests; in fact, he generally compromised all his interests by his actions. He had served the Bourbons as a soldier, though he hated their rule and their persons; but Napoleon was always his idol, though never one of his favorites.

The great event of Napoleon's return was announced very laconically to France in the *Moniteur*: "The King and the princes left last night. His Majesty the Emperor arrived this evening." The impression in Paris was as great as that produced by the return of Bonaparte from Egypt, and, if we may believe Thiébault, "never did Napoleon exercise a greater moral influence." He blames him for having lost too much time in trying to negotiate with Europe, and in framing a useless and impracticable constitution; he gave time to the Allies while he continued to play the part of a sovereign at the Tuileries. On the 28th of March Thiébault received a visit from the Councillor of State Maret, who told him that his conduct at Charenton had been unfavorably noticed, that he had personal enemies in Berthier, the Prince of Neuchâtel, and in the Prince d'Eckmühl, and he advised him to write a letter to the Emperor, assuring him of his devotion, a duplicate of which letter should be left with the Minister of War. Thiébault wrote the letter, under the influence of the brother of the Duke de Bassano; he considered the advice given to him almost as an order; he little foresaw what consequences it would have for him afterwards.

The news from Europe became more and more disquieting; Thiébault was at the Élysée, the residence which Napoleon adopted during the Hundred Days, when the Emperor heard of the death of Berthier, by a fall from a balcony in the castle of Bamberg, owing to a stroke of apoplexy (such, at least, is the more likely version). "I never saw Napoleon so sad; he spent a whole hour in a little drawing-room next to the room where we were admitted. His face was contracted, his attitude sombre, his words briefer than was his custom. His proud head was drooping, his aspect had something sinister, and his gestures something convulsive." Berthier had abandoned at Fontainebleau the cause of the master whom he had served for fifteen years, but Napoleon could not forget the immense services of his chief of staff. The letters which Napoleon had addressed to all the sovereigns of Europe had not been answered nor even received; Murat had been defeated and dethroned. Napoleon tried, *in extremis*, a new system of government, and gratified France with the *Articles additionnels*, a liberal supplement to the Constitution of the Empire; he succeeded only in furnishing arms to his enemies.

On the 10th of June Thiébault went to the last reception which Napoleon held at the Tuileries:

"My gaze was fixed on him with all the more avidity, I might say pain; the more I examined him, the less I succeeded in finding him such

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as I had known him at the time of his strength and his greatness. His look, once so formidable and so scrutinizing, had lost its power and its fixity; his face, which I had so often seen radiant with grace or modelled in bronze, had lost all expression, all character of strength; his contracted mouth had no longer its ancient beauty; his head had ceased to have the bearing which characterized the master of the world; his walk was as embarrassed as his countenance, and his gestures were uncertain. Everything about him was demoralized; the ordinary pallor of his complexion had taken on a pronounced greenish tint. Oh! what had become of the conqueror of Italy?"

Here Thiébault launches into a sort of panegyric, and pictures at length the Napoleon of the heroic times, especially in his dealings with his army.

When Napoleon left Paris, a great void seemed to have been formed. Everybody was waiting for the end, and felt that it could not be much deferred. On the 21st of June, Thiébault was approached by the Count de Valence, who had command of the first corps of the reserve, and offered him one of his divisions. His headquarters was set up at Montrouge: he had not yet seen any of his troops arrive when a captain entered his room, and, with an utterly disturbed face, screamed to him, "All is lost!" The news of Waterloo had just arrived, Napoleon was coming back to Paris. We will not follow Thiébault in his long analysis of the battle of Waterloo, and his criticisms of Napoleon and his generals. He went to the Élysée, and found it deserted. He saw Napoleon, and, saluting him more profoundly than usual, "Sire," said he, "let me offer you the expression of my deep and respectful devotion." "It is of France," said the Emperor, "that you must now think." He looked a moment at him, and turned to another person. And these were the last words exchanged between Napoleon and Thiébault. The rest is well known.

We have dilated chiefly on the parts of this history in which Thiébault appears in person. His memoirs will furnish the student with some valuable traits in the ever memorable physiognomy of Napoleon.

Correspondence.

THE OPPORTUNITY FOR A STATESMAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you let me call the attention of your readers to the impressive declaration of an educated and able professional man, a Sioux Indian, Dr. Charles A. Eastman, as to the terrible and swift decay of his people under the existing system of Indian administration? In a recent address Dr. Eastman, who is a man of thirty or thereabout, is reported as saying:

"The great trouble with our young men today is, that they have been precipitated into modern civilization with such suddenness that they have absorbed most of the evil of it and little of the good. They are mostly drunkards, rushers, and idlers, and are physical and moral degenerates. They are not the same men that the Indians of my day were. Then our young men thought nothing of ten and twenty-mile runs, and it was a common amusement with them to race and beat fleet ponies across the prairies. To-day you can scarcely find an Indian who can run as much as two miles, while in the old days it was nothing to do from fifty to seventy miles a day in foot travel, and to go for as many as three days and nights without food. This difference between the Indians of old and the Indians of to-day only serves to illustrate the fact that the race has degenerated physically and morally since civilization has been thrust upon it.

"They say that the Indian is dying away. If the Indian is, it is a good thing. What we want to save is the man, the good in the young men, and by doing that we save the race. It is going to be hard work, for the small tribes are scattered all through the West, and, harassed and driven nearly crazy as they are by the Government, it is difficult to win over their confidence. They are absolutely without ambition now. . . . To-day the race is a ruined one—ruined by civilization. Every game with them is a medium for gambling. There are none of the manly contests of the old days now. They're all beggars, too, and even the very youngest is not ashamed to ask for alms. They live only to eat and sleep, and their thoughts are always of the present. The Indian spirit is broken, and nothing but systematic work will ever revive it."

This carries with it a fearful arraignment of our Government and of most of the well-meant efforts of our people, missionaries and others, to help the Indians.

Strange is it that no statesman at Washington turns his mind and his efforts to the one thing needful—the one absolutely necessary foundation for whatsoever of good is now available for the Indians, viz.: the establishing among them of a government of law. We have stupidly taken away from them the native springs of pride and character and self-reliance—their religion, their inherited customs, their own self-government—instead of building upon these in some rational and systematic endeavor to civilize them. Never was our shameful treatment of the tribal Indians more shameful and inexcusable than it is to-day, for now, within the last ten years, we know just how full and absolute our legal power over them is, and yet we neglect and refuse to use it for their good, and go on denying them a government of law, and keeping them outside the protection of the Constitution of the United States.

It is said that at Washington there are many young men just coming into Congress. Would to God that some of them would turn their attention to this matter, and bring blessing and honor upon their names by forcing upon the Government a speedy change in all this business. Two or three determined men in Congress could accomplish it. The time is fully ripe. James B. Thayer.

Cambridge, December 8, 1895.

OF THE EARTH, EARTHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Wm. Hamilton Gibson's latest book, 'Our Edible Toadstools and Mushrooms,' a famous phrase is misquoted and given a prominent place. "For those who do hunger after the earthlie excrescences called mushrooms," his book is intended. On page 1578 of Thomas Johnson's edition (1633 or 1636) of Gerard's 'The Herball, or Generall Historie of Plants' are found these words: ". . . many that have both [*i. e.*, fish, and birds of the mountaines] do hunger after the earthie excrescences, called Mushrumes." Whether Gerard's own first edition (1597) says "earthlie" or "earthie" I cannot state. However, many of the current forms of this oft-quoted phrase fail in several points to preserve some of the original quaintness and piquancy of flavor.

Wilhelm Miller.

Cornell University, December 9, 1895.

THE CONGRESSIONAL CHAPLAINCY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of your remarks relating to the disgusting exhibition by the new Congressional chaplain in offering a political prayer, the question arises, Why should there be such an officer at all? It is notorious that but few are present when the prayer is offered, and that even these few do not listen to the invocation. The writer has seen Congressmen engaged in any number of unedifying proceedings while prayer was being offered, and the thought arises that the cure for these things is not criticism, but abolition. While here in Massachusetts the thing is not so distressing on the political side, we have nevertheless within two years been treated to the ridiculous performance of the publication of 'The Chaplain's Prayers,' with the picture and biography of said chaplain attached. Nobody, as it seems to me, can feel more truly humiliated by these exhibitions than the people who believe in prayer and have an honest regard for the institutes of religion. While few bodies under the sun stand in greater need of divine help and rescue than the average Congress, the chaplaincy has long since become a scandal and an impertinence. It should be abolished.

Yours sincerely, A. A. Berle.

The Brighton Congregational Church,
Boston, December 14, 1895.

THE ISSUE OF LETTRES DE CACHET IN BLANK.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* called attention, some time since (No. 1567, pp. 29, 30), to the attack made by M. Funck-Brentano upon the long-prevalent belief in the sale of blank *lettres de cachet* under the old régime. Very properly would he win for himself a name as a legend-killer, as there stated, could he establish that a view that had passed unquestioned into the works of Michelet, Rambaud, and Duruy, and into the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' was a baseless fabrication. Not content, however, with denying that the *sale* of blank *lettres de cachet* was practised, M. Funck-Brentano calls in question the *issue* of any such orders by the kings of France. He tells us that, having been put in charge of the archives of the Bastile, he found, in all the mass of documents that thus passed under his eyes—some sixty thousand *dossiers*, containing an innumerable quantity of letters from persons of every rank and station—application for orders of arrest, appeals for liberation, reports from ministers down to police spies—"not only no trace of any *lettres de cachet* issued in blank, but not even a hint that any such letter ever was asked for."

Now, had M. Funck-Brentano confined his statements to the eighteenth century, and especially to the second half of that century, I should not challenge the correctness of his views, although I confess that I cannot regard the quotation from the letter of the Duc de La Vrillière of the 20th of August, 1770, reproduced in the *Nation*, as "of conclusive weight." But, however this may be, I am able to furnish documentary proof that, in the reign of Louis XIV. and in the last years of the seventeenth century, *lettres de cachet in blank were both asked for and issued.*

(1.) As to *the request* for *lettres de cachet* in blank: On the 2d of February, 1700, Le Gendre, royal intendant of police, justice, and finances, at Montauban, wrote to the Contrôleur-général at court, that one of the three most promising methods of effecting the conversion of the remaining Huguenots in his généralité was to display some examples of severity toward the obstinate. "For this purpose," he added, "I have asked M. de Châ-

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teauneuf [the secretary of state under whom Protestant affairs came] *for twelve lettres de cachet in blank*, which I shall use only in case of extreme need" ("Pour cela, j'ai demandé à M. de Châteauneuf douze lettres de cachet, *le nom en blanc*, dont je ne me servirai que dans l'extrême besoin." 'Correspondance des Contrôleurs-généraux des finances avec les Intendants des provinces,' published by order of the Minister of Finance, Paris, 1874, 1882, ii., 23. I have referred to this passage and to the next in my 'Huguenots and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes,' ii., 144.)

A month later M. Le Gendre again communicates with the Contrôleur-général (March 3, 1700), and encloses the copy of a letter which he has sent to Châteauneuf containing these words: "I have already had the honor to write to you regarding this matter [the gift of money to help needy "new converts"] and to beg you to send me a *few lettres de cachet in blank*, the mere sight of which will cause those that may be threatened by them to tremble" ("J'ai déjà eu l'honneur de vous en écrire et de vous suplier de m'envoyer quelques lettres de cachet, le nom en blanc, dont la seule inspection fera trembler ceux qui en seront menacés."—*Ibid*, ii., 28).

(2.) As to the *issue* of *lettres de cachet* in blank: I have been unable to ascertain whether the King granted to Le Gendre, at Montauban, the blank orders which the latter requested. Happily, however, there is no doubt that the King had granted them, fifteen years before, on the eve of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to another officious intendant. The 'Mémoires de Nicolas-Joseph Foucault,' published by the Ministry of Public Instruction in the great "Collection de documents inédits sur l'histoire de France," contain at least two distinct references to the receipt of orders granted with the ominous vacant space for the insertion of the name of the victim. Foucault had just set on foot in Béarn the "Great Dragonnades" which were soon to spread to almost every part of France. On page 124 of his 'Mémoires' we read: "On the 16th of July [1685], M. de Croissy notified me that the King had given an order to arrest Sieur Dusseau, deputy of the Protestants of Béarn, and sent me six lettres de cachet to consign [to the Bastile or elsewhere] *the gentlemen that I might think proper*" ("pour reléguer les gentilshommes que je jugerois à propos"). These letters must have been in blank in order to be used thus.

Just one month later Foucault notes again that M. de Croissy has forwarded to him *some orders of the King in blank* for the same purpose: "M. de Croissy m'a envoyé, le 16 août, des orders du roi *en blanc* pour reléguer les gentilshommes opiniâtres" (*ibid.*, p. 126).

It will be seen, therefore, that the solicitation and the grant of *lettres de cachet* was not a "legend," but an indisputable fact, in the reign of Louis XIV. Consequently the conjecture of M. Funck-Brentano as to how the "legend" arose is as superfluous as it is unsatisfactory. We are told that printed forms did not displace the *lettres de cachet* fully written out by the hand until the last years of Louis XV. Here, however, are written *lettres de cachet*, with blanks left to be filled, asked for by intendants and issued to them, as instruments of intimidation and punishment, about three-quarters of a century earlier. Moreover, nothing in the tone of Le Gendre indicates that he was proffering a novel and unprecedented request, as there is no hint in the brief memoranda of Foucault that the grant was out of the ordinary course of things.

HENRY M. BAIRD.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

ILL-EDITED TEXT-BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While joining in "Y.'s" protest against editions with vocabularies of foreign texts for advanced students (*Nation*, Dec. 5), I beg at the same time to point out another fault deserving equally strong condemnation. I do so with the consciousness of the obligation under which teachers of modern languages are to editors and publishers for the scores, nay, hundreds, of school editions of German and French authors brought out in this country within the last dozen years—handy and attractive little volumes, many of which, because of the real value of the critical and historical introductions, and on account of the industry, scholarship, and pedagogical skill shown in the preparation of the notes, deserve the highest praise, and are equal to anything of the kind produced in any country. But some of the editors of modern-language texts have apparently gone to work without any definite idea of the help needed by the students, or, if they had a plan, have made no conscientious effort to carry it out. They have given at random a few translations of words to be found in small dictionaries, and explanations easily obtainable from the most common reference-books, but failed to elucidate passages or to comment on persons and things concerning which students not provided with a somewhat complete literary apparatus find it difficult to inform themselves. The amount of work put upon some editions of this class is hardly more than a good worker may accomplish in one summer afternoon or winter evening—certainly not sufficient to justify the editor in associating his name on the title-page with that of some great poet or historian whose pages are in some cases reprinted without having even received the necessary care of the proof-reader. It is difficult to understand why scholars of reputation and leading publishing-houses should engage in this kind of business. The least that we have a right to expect of an annotated edition is, that difficulties too great for the average student of the grade for which the volume is intended should be explained. To avoid scantiness as well as excess in the notes requires scholarship, experience, tact, and conscientiousness on the part of the annotator.

A. L.

DECEMBER 9, 1895.

ACETYLENE AND ALCOHOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A great deal has been printed in the papers lately in regard to acetylene gas, and I think it is time that chemists should characterize some of the statements made. It has been represented in the stock reports, etc., and the writer has even seen it stated or implied in the *Nation*, that acetylene could be made at such prices as to confirm its use for the manufacture of alcohol, benzole, or nitro-benzole, and aniline, from which the colors could be obtained.

Now there is just enough chemical truth in this to deceive the ignorant or the partially educated. It is true that acetylene can, to a small extent, be decomposed into benzole, that it can, by a roundabout method, be decomposed into alcohol; but it is utterly false that it can be done on any commercial scale to advantage. We might as well say that because marsh gas, which is the main constituent of the natural gas of Pennsylvania, can be decomposed by chlorine into chloride of methyl, and from that can be made into wood alcohol—we might, I say, as well advertise that alcohol can be made at fabulously cheap prices in this method, as to claim the same for acetylene.

The decomposition of water power into electricity, and that electricity into chemical energy, the use of that chemical energy to decompose a mixture of carbon and limestone, and the subsequent use of the carbide of calcium, is a very interesting, and, for some purposes, may be a useful process; but any one who will for one moment consider the matter will see that the original electricity directly converted into light must inevitably be far more economical than this very roundabout method, implying large losses in lime, in coal, and in electrical energy which are incident to the process.

To chemists who have examined the process critically and without previous bias, it seems a very great pity, if not a shame, that such an interesting chemical discovery should be so exaggerated as to become almost as much falsehood as truth. There is an old adage that "a lie that is half the truth is ever the blackest of lies."—I remain, sincerely yours,

CHEMIST.

TRADUTTORE, TRADITORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to protest against the wrong done to a great artist and a huge public. The December number of the *Century* contains an engraving, after Titian's "Flora," which has eyes out of drawing, a mouth pulled out sideways, a nostril with a mean shadow under it, and an undulating cheek-line, which turn the splendid original into a caricature. One of the pretexts for engraving rather than processing is that the tone can thus be better preserved; but while Titian's "Flora" is a blonde of the blondes, the "Flora" of the *Century* engraver is a dark woman of the Venetian type of beauty. Titian's "Flora" is fleshly, and that is already bad enough; the engraver's "Flora" is flashy as well! Why, in the name of all our duties to the public, present it with engraved caricatures when the cheapest processed reproduction of a photograph costing fifteen cents would do the original infinitely greater justice?

B. BERENSON.

FLORENCE, December 4, 1895.

Notes.

DODD, MEAD & CO. are to be the American publishers of Henry Harrisse's notable piece of research entitled, 'John Cabot, the Discoverer of North America, and Sebastian his Son: A Chapter of the Maritime History of England under the Tudors' (London: B. F. Stevens). There will be eleven maps and illustrations.

A Life of the late F. A. P. Barnard, President of Columbia College, by John Fulton, is in the Columbia University Press (Macmillan & Co.). The Life of Cardinal Newman, by Edmund Sheridan Purcell, will be issued directly by this house.

The Peter Paul Book Co., Buffalo, announce 'The Man Who Became a Savage,' by the traveller and naturalist W. T. Hornaday, with illustrations by Charles B. Hudson.

Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston, will soon is-

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sue 'A History of American Literature'; 'Topical Notes on American Authors'; and an autobiography of the late Dr. Ezekiel G. Robinson of Brown University.

The Appalachian Mountain Club, Boston, will publish, early in the spring, a 'Guide to Walks in the Country about Boston,' with maps and illustrations by the amateur photographers of the club.

It might well prove that the most enduring part of Robert Louis Stevenson's literary product—as of his fame—should be his 'Child's Garden of Verses.' An edition of it to be recommended in every way has just been brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons in conjunction with the London publisher John Lane. An artist, Charles Robinson, possessing a graceful fancy and a sure decorative sense, has supplied a profusion of illustrations and embellishments. The letter-press is beautiful, and the blue-and-gold binding in excellent keeping with the contents.

Mr. Austin Dobson's 'Story of Rosina, and Other Verses' has been given to Hugh Thomson to illustrate, and to Dodd, Mead & Co. for their imprint. Mr. Thomson is not quite equal to the pathetic demands of the title-poem, but the humorous and the pastoral effects he matches well enough with his practised pencil, and his headpieces are uniformly pleasing and ingenious. Here too we have a rich and becoming binding.

In line with the foregoing is 'The *Spectator* in London' (Macmillan), with illustrations by Ralph Cleaver. The selection has been made with a view to offsetting the Sir Roger de Coverley scenes of country life in the eighteenth century, and hence is concerned with the town life of the day of Steele and Addison. Mr. Cleaver is but ill-equipped for his task from an antiquarian or an artistic point of view, and for the most part one turns from his drawings of the human figure to his headpieces for their architectural or landscape motives. The reader's imagination needs no extraneous support for the enjoyment of the excerpts from the *Spectator*.

A rubricated selection of 'Thoughts from the Writings of Richard Jefferies,' by H. S. H. Waylen, in plain bold type (but with too long a list of acknowledged errata), comes to us from the Longmans. It well exemplifies the style and the intellectual habit of the lamented author, and has the quality of an acceptable gift-book, without and within.

The aid of the De Vinne Press, parchment paper, vellum covers, and a limited edition, do not, in our judgment, redeem from shortcoming Mr. George Wharton Edwards's attempt to illustrate Spenser's 'Epithalamion' (Dodd, Mead & Co.). This archaism was worth while only for a master, and in Mr. Edwards's work one sees here much that is amateurish in form and unlovely in composition—even amusing, as in the foreshortening of the poet's leg on the title-page, and the leg-like curve of the turfy oval behind the reclining figure; or as in the seemingly unrooted and volant trees in the design facing the stanza, "But if ye saw that which no eyes can see." Still, there is the immortal verse in strong print.

'The Gillmans of Highgate,' by Alexander W. Gillman, makes a promise on the title-page which is broken in the fifty quarto pages following. The new letters from Coleridge are few, and add little to our previous knowledge. The author, or editor, is a grandson of Coleridge's friend James Gillman, with whom the poet lived for eighteen years before his death, tenderly cared for by Dr. Gillman and his wife. The apparent motive of the book (an extract from a genealogy, yet to be published) is to glorify the Gillman family by the reflected light of that kind behavior. But this, the beauty of which was most remarkable, has had ample justice done to it by Coleridge's various biographers. No man ever needed more such kindness as he received, but there is no reason why it should be counted to the descendants of the Highgate Gillmans for righteousness. Their son James had the doubtful distinction of being one of the founders of the first society for insuring children's lives. Two mooted points are set at rest by Mr. Alexander Gillman to his own satisfaction. Coleridge, he assures us, was entirely cured of the opium habit at Highgate, and, except at the beginning, he was wholly dependent on the Gillmans for his support. His evidence for either statement is inconclusive. The illustrations are interesting, even when most familiar.

'Algerian Memories,' by Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman (London: T. F. Unwin; New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), is one of an increasing number of works due to the use of two recent inventions, the bicycle and the kodak. Such works are not likely to be of any great or lasting value, and the present one is slight enough. The incidents described are not very exciting, nor is the ground traversed particularly new; still, the book can be read through in two or three hours without fatigue, in spite of the occasional clumsiness of the style. What shall we say to the word "kodakist"! The last two chapters are the best because the least hurried.

'Among the Pueblo Indians' is the title of a small volume, issued by the Merriam Co. of New York, in which Carl and Lillian Westcott Eickemeyer tell of a visit which they made to certain villages in the neighborhood of Santa Fé. There is nothing new in the story, unless the account of the game of "gallo" which they saw played on San Juan's day, in the village of Cochiti, can be so considered. In one portion of the game "a living rooster [*gallo*] was buried in the sand" up to the neck, and the object of the player as he rode by was to "catch the bird" and bear it off to his home. Evidently this is the game of "gander-pulling," well known in early times in portions of the South and West; the only difference being that with us the bird was hung by the legs to a cross-piece and the riders "grabbed for the head" as they galloped by under the pole. Whether the Indians borrowed the game from their Spanish neighbors, if indeed they had it, or from ourselves, we cannot say, but that they did borrow it, is, we think, beyond all question. In conclusion, a word of commendation for the way in which this little volume is issued may not be out of place. It is printed on good paper, with broad margins, and the illustrations, taken from photographs, give an excellent idea of the natural scenery and of certain phases of Indian life. There is an occasional defect of idiom, *e. g.*, on pp. 49, 50, where we have the expression "struck camp," when pitched camp or simply camped was meant; and, on p. 114, the crowd is told to "stand by" instead of stand or fall back.

Pedro Sarmiento, one of the foremost navigators of the sixteenth century, is best known for his exploration of the Straits of Magellan and his unfortunate attempt to make a settlement in those inhospitable regions. His accounts of his several expeditions for this purpose are now for the first time translated from their Spanish originals, recently brought to light, by Mr. C. R. Markham, and published as the ninety-first volume of the works issued by the Hakluyt Society ('Narratives of the Voyages of Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa to the Straits of Magellan'). He appears to have been a man of great courage and resource, and his story, told most simply, reads like a romance. It ends with a pathetic account of his imprisonment in a French dungeon immediately after his release from captivity in England. Mr. Markham, the most competent of Englishmen for his task, has translated the various narratives and reports into terse Elizabethan English, and has added many valuable notes. There is an excellent index and three admirable maps.

P. Anderson Graham's 'Country Pastimes for Boys' (Longmans) is the fourth of a series of books intended for the use of boys happy enough to live in the country, and devoted to sports, popular natural history, etc. The book is adapted to country life in Great Britain, treating of British birds, animals, and plants, a large proportion of which are unknown on this side of the ocean, or which live here under very different conditions. For the English boy nothing, it would seem, could be better done, and we can only regret that a similar book from an American standpoint is not yet accessible. However, even for the American boy there is much of interest and value to be had by discriminating reading; and it would prove interesting to almost any bright youngster to endeavor to compare the habits of our wild birds and beasts with those of the British islands which are here so well described. The book is handsomely printed; many of the illustrations being of an unusual degree of excellence.

Col. Thomas W. Knox, in his 'Boy's Life of Gen. Grant' (The Merriam Co.), tells the story of our great general's military career in a simple, straightforward way which cannot fail to win the interest of his readers. The narrative shows marks of hasty writing, however, and is too eulogistic to be entirely trustworthy. The illustrations are most of them poor, and one at least, representing the Battle of Fredericksburg (p. 287), has no place in the book.

Part vii. of *Bibliographica* (London: Kegan Paul; New York: Scribners) has a remarkably substantial table of contents, beginning with a paper on "Venetian Ducali," by Mr. John W. Bradley. The MSS. so called consisted of certain oaths, diplomas, statutory commissions, or collections of regulations of the *Scuole*, and apparently made such a claim on the resources of the penman and miniaturist as to account for "the almost entire absence of native liturgical MSS., at least of a sumptuous kind." Some very fine specimens accompany the paper. Mr. W. H. Allnutt continues his series on "English Provincial Presses"; Sir E. Maunde Thompson exemplifies "The Grotesque and the Humorous in Illuminations of the Middle Ages"; Mr. Russell Martineau offers some Notes on the Latin Bible of 42 lines (1455), the result of a very patient collation of several copies, and subjoins variations of reading which demonstrate a resetting of the type. Mr. Alfred W. Pollard's "Transference of Woodcuts in the 15th and 16th Centuries" opens up a curious chapter in the history of book-illustration. The number concludes with an account of some American book clubs.

The Fifth Part of "Archæologia Oxoniensis" (London and Oxford: Frowde), lately received, is a very satisfactory eighteenpenny-worth. Besides a paper on the architecture of the Bodleian Library, and a plate of a vaulted cellar that once belonged to the Oxford merchant gild, there is an account of a fresh discovery of British remains. Of the two skele-

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tons found together, one is dolichocephalic, and therefore assigned by the editor to the "Iberian" race; the other hyper-brachycephalic, and accordingly set down as "Celtic." The editor gravely remarks that the presence of oyster-shells and of a coin of Antoninus would appear to indicate "friendly intercourse" between the races.

In the December number of the *New England Magazine* Mr. Abram English Brown makes a strong argument in favor of identifying the builder of the Old South Church in Boston with Joshua Blanchard Blanchard's journal is reproduced, with this entry: "1729, Aprell the 1st. I with other layd the foundation of the South Brick meeting house and finished the Brick ye 8th of Octr. following." And photographs are shown of the northeast cornerstone inscribed "I. B., 1729," a flaw in the stone giving to the I an appearance of an L, for which the letter has commonly been mistaken. Mr. Blanchard is also, on good ground, thought to have had a hand in building the original Faneuil Hall.

A much more extensive and important diary (1764–1779), that of John Rowe, a wealthy and prominent Boston merchant, formed the subject of a paper read by Sumner's biographer, Mr. Edward L. Pierce, in March last before the Massachusetts Historical Society, and lately printed in advance of the Proceedings. Mr. Pierce treats it skilfully by analyzing its contents under numerous heads, political, social, historical; and then makes further continuous excerpts without comment. Rowe's name has been perpetuated in Rowe Street, which ran through his three-acre farm in the heart of Boston. He owned one of the tea-ships, and joined in the patriotic protests against England's restrictions on American trade, but, churchman as he was, he deprecated armed resistance or separation. His diary fills some gaps in local Revolutionary annals, and is a good mirror of the manners and customs of his day. In particular, Mr. Pierce lays stress on the evidences of the rule of the mob in Boston.

The *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for December has for its principal document Judge O. W. Holmes's address on "The Soldier's Faith" at Sanders Theatre on Decoration Day, in which a fine style competes with bad ethics for our admiration. An LL.D. of both Yale and Harvard, Judge Holmes finds it easy to approve of dangerous sports. Dr. Royce, on the other hand, in the same number, referring to Prof. Ladd of Yale taking Prof. Palmer's place once a week in the Harvard Ethical Seminary, makes this more humanizing comment: "There is a not unphilosophical satisfaction in the thought that, at the very moment when the athletic relations of Yale and Harvard are so unenjoyable, and when, in consequence of this fact, many hearts besides those of the athletes themselves are troubled with thoughts of estrangement and of misunderstanding, the philosophical departments of the two institutions are finding just the present sort of coöperation so natural and so effective in meeting our own needs." A report from Radcliffe College shows a total of 344 students, of which the graduate portion is drawn from a much wider radius than the undergraduate. The Divinity School now embraces a plurality of orthodox Congregational students—a fact likely to please neither Unitarians nor Orthodox. The building for the Fogg Art Museum (shown photographically) comes in for further censure for its defects. Judge Richardson makes another assault on the continued use of Latin as the official language of the University. The familiar Copley portrait of Nicholas Boylston has been chosen for reproduction in this number.

The larger part of the contents of the Boston Public Library Bulletin for July and October consists of the titles of works in the Russian and German languages. A continuation of the chronological index of historical fiction includes the countries of eastern Europe, and it is rather surprising to see how meagre the list is, the entries under the Eastern Empire and Turkey consisting largely of dramas, and those under Servia of collections of songs. There follows a useful catalogue of German fiction in the library, under both authors and titles, as well as English translations; and the last two years' accessions of English fiction are recorded.

The "Almanach Hachette" for 1896 has made its appearance. Its matter and its illustrations are all new, and it offers many prizes available to such of its readers as happen to be in Paris. To the outer world it presents 500 pages of useful information, closely but clearly printed, with 1,500 illustrations and ten maps. Its buyer receives good value for the 1 fr. 50c. which it costs him.

M. Salomon Reinach has just sent his "lettre de candidature" to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres for the place made vacant by the death of M. Derenbourg. Other candidates are the Marquis de Beaucourt, Prof. Cagnat of the Collège de France, and Prof. Devéria of the École des Langues Orientales.

At the session of the Académie des Inscriptions of November 23, M. Léopold Delisle read a communication on an interesting bibliographical discovery which has just been made at Lyons. The library of that city possesses a very precious manuscript containing a Latin version of the Pentateuch which is earlier in date than the Vulgate. At the book-sale after the recent death of M. de Verna, there was offered a manuscript containing in three columns a Latin Biblical text in uncial characters which is the exact continuation of that of the codex in the library. It contains the Book of Joshua and the Judges almost complete. There is no doubt that the sheets found in M. de Verna's collection belonged originally to the library manuscript. The first page of the Verna completes a phrase begun on the last page of the principal codex. All the characteristic signs in the two are exactly alike. How the manuscript came into the possession of M. de Verna is not known. The main body of the Lyons codex was conveyed away some years ago by the too celebrated collector Libri, who sold it to Lord Ashburnham, by whom it was returned to the library. The Lyons Pentateuch has now become a Heptateuch, and Biblical critics have a new text of a version which is earlier than that of St. Jerome. M. Ulysse Robert, who has already admirably edited the Codex Lugdunensis, will without delay proceed to publish this precious addition to it.

—Dr. T. Berry Haycraft, in a brief communication in *Natural Science*, points out the fundamental difference which exists between organic individuals and inorganic objects in respect of the distribution of variation in their qualities. As first established by Quetelet, the measurable qualities of every living species, whether of animals or of plants, are regularly distributed about a mean. Take the height of a given race of men, the quality for which Quetelet first laid down his law: the greatest number of men are of average height, many are just above or just below it, and fewer and fewer are found at heights further and further removed from the average. If we lay off along a horizontal line distances representing the different heights, and erect at each of the distances perpendicular lines proportional to the number of individuals of that height, the tops of these perpendiculars will lie in a regular curve, which is symmetrical on both sides of the mean, and which is known as the curve of deviation from an average. But if the quality measured is a quality of inanimate objects, as for instance the weight of a thousand stones picked up at hazard on a beach, this symmetrical deviation about a mean does not exist. Dr. Haycraft suggests the constant death and sexual reproduction of living objects as the cause of this peculiarity; and as the peculiarity is an extremely desirable one in cases of an unchanging environment, he believes that he has here hit upon the essential function of sex. Interbreeding is a result attainable by sexual reproduction alone. The products of asexual reproduction are offspring which start on deviating lines, and never mix their qualities with those of their mates so long as asexual multiplication continues; but the progeny of a sexual union, as Galton has pointed out in his 'Natural Inheritance,' approaches even nearer to the mean type, or mid-species, than does the mid-parent itself. The rôle of sex Dr. Haycraft therefore finds to be the preservation of the average individual in face of a progressive tendency to variation, and he finds it curious that writers on the utility of sex should have overlooked so obvious a suggestion.

—Every evening for about two months M. Henri Rochefort has produced an instalment of his very entertaining memoirs in the *Jour* newspaper. These memoirs are, as was to be expected, not exactly gentle in tone, nor distinguished by moderation or by calm justice, but they are full of life and force, and present a vigorous portrait of what M. Rochefort has been, and, perhaps, in some regards what he wishes he had been. One incident of his early life is presented advantageously to himself, as appears from an article by M. Charles Maurras in the *Revue Encyclopédique*. M. Rochefort tells the story of a visit which Mgr. Sibour, the newly appointed Archbishop of Paris, made to the Lycée Saint-Louis not long after the days of June, 1848. The young republican was appointed to deliver an address in verse to the prelate. Machiavellian beyond his years, he delayed handing in any copy of his verses until the very moment of their delivery. Then he rose, he says, and broke out into a revolutionary pæan which almost caused his masters and the professors to sweat blood. Especially he urged that protection and care should be given to the children of those who had been executed. After all these years, four verses of the poem, which give an idea of its general tone, remain vividly in his mind:

> "Sans savoir si le père, accourant au péril,
> Et bravant l'échafaud pour prendre le fusil,
> Fut responsable ou non de la guerre civile,
> A ses fils orphelins vous offrez un asile."

M. Maurras finds that the manuscript of Rochefort's poem has been carefully preserved, and he gives in the *Revue* a photographic reproduction of it, in the strikingly handsome handwriting of its young author and signed by him. The real text differs sensibly from Rochefort's account of it. There is no republican severity in it, no protest against the scaffold, no talk of the "fusil" of the insurgent; while about the children of the condemned he roars you as gently as any sucking dove. Not one of the lines which M. Rochefort quotes appears in the manuscript, nor is

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there anything in it which resembles them. M. Maurras says that he will leave this discrepancy for future historians to settle. It may be possible that the young Tyrtaeus, inspired by the moment, put his manuscript aside and burst into strains of unpremeditated art.

—The *North China Daily News* reports, in one of its latest issues, that the Rev. Timothy Richard is now in Pekin making arrangements for starting there a Chinese daily paper in the native tongue, and that he has the hearty support of many distinguished imperial courtiers. It was also added that the Emperor, on being informed of the project, was much pleased, hoping that, when it was realized, he should be early apprised of what is going on in the world, without being dependent on court gossip or the uncertain memorials of his ministers. A correspondent of the *Nation* who was in Canton five years ago found there such a paper printed in Chinese, already several years old and flourishing. Its editor, a native Chinese, had worked for five years on a newspaper in Hartford, Conn., and so become thoroughly furnished for his enterprise. Many of our readers must learn with surprise that the *China Mail*, an English newspaper at Hong Kong, has already attained to its jubilee year, and especially that the *China Review*, published bi-monthly in the same city, has reached its twenty-first volume. This publication, though mainly in English, receives contributions in Chinese, Latin, and the languages of southern Europe. Besides original articles on all subjects of special Oriental interest, the three chief departments are Correspondence, Notes and Queries, and Reviews of New Books. The subscription price is $6.50. Among the principal contributors are officers in the Imperial Customs Corps and in all the foreign consulates, as well as missionaries of every denomination—a truly cosmopolitan staff. Thus, the *China Review*, in regard to China and the neighboring countries, occupies a position analogous to that which has been filled in India by the *Calcutta Review*.

—At a general conference of the German *Sittlichkeitsvereine* it was resolved to make a thorough investigation of the moral condition of the Protestant population of Germany, and to this end circulars of inquiry containing a series of pertinent questions were sent to the evangelical clergy. About 900 answers have been received, and the results of the inquest published by Pastors H. Wittenberg and E. Hückstädt in a volume entitled 'Die Geschlechtlich sittlichen Verhältnisse der Evangelischen Landbewohner im Deutschen Reich' (Leipzig: Werther). The researches embodied in this volume are confined to East Germany. A second and concluding volume, comprising Middle, West, and South Germany, and compiled by Pastor E. Wagner, will be issued in the spring of 1896. The report is rather meagre in regard to the higher and so-called cultured classes and nobles, whose morals are known to be extremely lax, and among whom, as Prof. Ziegler of Strassburg has recently asserted, licentiousness is "in vogue." The chastest part of the population is the peasantry, wherever it has preserved its peculiar character, as in Holstein and portions of Pomerania, Brandenburg, and Saxony; but the working classes in general, both industrial and agricultural, are notoriously lewd, and violate the sixth commandment without the slightest compunction. It appears also from the report that the church exerts no perceptible influence in promoting purity of life, but that this depends almost wholly upon external circumstances and specifically economical conditions. Particular mention is made of the wretched dwellings, in which families herd together, as a prolific source of sexual immorality. The evil is not confined to overcrowded cities, but extends even to the remotest rural districts. This is especially true of the great landed estates in New Pomerania and Mecklenburg, where the feudal spirit still prevails and the peasants are in a state of semi serfdom. "One hardly knows whether to be more astonished at the indifference and shortsighted ness of the proprietors who venture to offer such dwellings to their laborers, or at the indolence and degradation of the laborers who do not refuse to live in habitations so unfit for human beings." Another source of corruption is the army, with the false notions of manliness prevailing in the barracks. A soldier who keeps himself sexually pure is regarded by his comrades as "kein rechter Kerl," a fellow of no account. In this respect the rank and file merely adopt the code of morals and ideas of honor by which their officers are governed. As the result of this "education and habituation to unchastity," the recruit, after the expiration of his term of service, is apt to return home morally debauched and often physically infected.

—The neatest novelty in American aboriginal literature is a "Journey to the Country of the Manzaneros," a short historic relation in the Huilli-che dialect, Araucan language, dictated by the Indian Domingo Quintuprai to Prof. Rodolfo Lenz in Santiago, Chili. In 1871 this Chilian native undertook to bring a large cargo of brandy across the high Andes ridge to the Manzaneros, or "Apple-Orchard" Indians, as an object of trade, and for this purpose started with a considerable retinue of men and sumpter horses. The journey was perilous and not favored by the state of the weather. The crossing of the mountain creeks became peculiarly distressing, and several of the men and beasts perished on such occasions, chiefly because the men could not be kept sober all the time. The Indian narrative, from the mouth of Quintuprai, is made intelligible by Lenz's Spanish translation standing in the column opposite, and by the marginal notes, of a philological nature, added at the bottom of each page. The details of this "alcoholic" expedition are full of ethnographic interest, especially the colloquial paragraphs, in which conversations with people met on the road are quaintly reported. The dialect is of a vocalic nature, and many sounds in it are not found in European languages. Dr. R. Lenz, who is professor of the Instituto Pedagógico at Santiago, has published this "Viaje" in the ninetieth volume of the *Anales* of the University of Chili. It fills twenty-nine pages.

THE GOLD OF AFRICA.

The Gold Mines of the Rand: Being a Description of the Mining Industry of Witwatersrand, South African Republic. By Frederick H. Hatch (mining engineer) and J. A. Chalmers (mining engineer). Macmillan & Co. 1895. 8vo, pp. 306. With maps, plans, and illustrations.

Two books upon the South African gold fields have already been noticed in these columns. Both were by Germans and in the German language, and the observations upon which the last of these (that of Bergrath Schmeisser) was based were made in the summer and autumn of 1893. The English work before us gives data and statistics up to June, 1895. The senior author was once a member of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, and, during his stay in South Africa, has been closely associated with the young American mining engineer John Hays Hammond, who, according to common report, is the leading authority upon gold mining in the region; his professional services being valued at $60,000 per annum. Mr. Hammond contributes a few pages in the preface "upon the future of the Rand," which end with the following words: "I would regard as well within the bounds of conservatism the prediction that the annual output before the end of the century will exceed £20,000,000 sterling worth of gold." Mr. Hatch, in his introductory chapter, increases this estimate to £26,000,000 for the beginning of the next century, and adds that for the whole district, including outlying portions, a total production may be expected of upwards of £700,000,000, of which amount he later estimates that £200,000,000 will be profit.

If one were to judge the book by these quotations alone, he might be led to suspect that it was written in the interest of promoters of "Kaffir" companies on the London market. It is, however, a scientific exposition, giving the geological relations of the ore-bearing conglomerates of the Rand, so far as known at present; some "particulars" about the most important mines; what is known and logically surmised with regard to the continuance of the ore-bodies in depth; the methods of mining and the machinery (largely of American model) used in extracting the ore; the metallurgical treatment, including milling, chlorination, and cyaniding; the economics of the mines, *i. e.*, costs of mining and reduction; mining laws of the Republic; and, finally, gold production and dividends. All these are subjects upon which those practically interested in mines, either professionally or as owners of mining property, are glad to obtain trustworthy information, and that given by Mr. Hatch and his collaborator bears internal evidence of being carefully and intelligently compiled, and is rendered more clear by abundant and excellently executed illustrations. To be sure, our authors show here and there a trace of the national conservatism and want of familiarity with what is going on outside of "Greater Britain," as when, for instance, in discussing the probable depths at which it will be impracticable to carry on mining in the future, on account of the great subterranean heat, they not only reproduce the long since disproved theory of Church that the heat in the Comstock mines is produced by the kaolinization of the feldspars, but put it forward to account for the great heat in Mexican mines.

The general reader will, however, be less interested in the many technical details than in the general phenomena relative to the future production of the region, and in the effect which this production is likely to have upon the finances of the world. The gold-bearing conglomerates of the Rand—locally known as "reefs" (the Australian term for lodes), or "bankets" (a Dutch name for a kind of almond cake)—are found over an area of about 2,000 square miles, in which they have a general basin structure or inclination towards the middle of the area. Where mining is most actively carried on, its width from Johannesburg on the northern rim to Heidelberg on the south is over twenty-five miles. In the central section of the Rand, on the Johannesburg side,

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swan and to be in turn defeated by it, we may understand the constellation Aquila, which rises in the east immediately after Cygnus, but sets in the west a little while before that (more northern) constellation. A like astronomical explanation applies to many other cases, which, if we attempt to explain them as facts for the naturalist, lead only to bewilderment. Such explanations are further illustrated and demonstrated by the symbolism of many Greek coins, such as that of Agrigentum, representing the eagle and the crab, or the tetradrachm of Eretria, figuring a bird on a bull's back (the Pleiad in the sign Taurus). The signification of these is clearly astronomical, as has lately been proved in detail by M. Svoronos in an article we had occasion to summarize in these columns.

As a corollary to this reasoning, Prof. Thompson, instead of increasing the number of species commonly identified, is disposed to diminish them. The Chrysaëtus, for instance, he regards as mystical and fabulous, like the Phœnix, and apropos of such myths he refers us to the somewhat hopeless scepticism of Grote. The study of myths has certainly made some satisfactory progress since Grote's day. We are inclined to think that the origin of some fabulous types may be explained by the primitive notions of metamorphosis which M. Houssay pointed out in a recent paper in the *Revue Archéologique* (January, 1895). It is quite clear from certain ambiguous forms figured on Mycenæan vases that the people of that period had already evolved the superstition of the barnacle-goose, and the general idea that sea-creatures are capable of transforming themselves into terrestrial birds, insects, or animals to whose forms they bore some resemblance; that the horse, for example, could spring from the hippocampus.

Amid the discursive store of information which he presents, Prof. Thompson suggests many etymologies which might deserve more attention if he had taken some pains to reinforce them. What good reason, for example, is there to identify Thamyras with Thammuz, or Atthis, as an epithet of the nightingale, with Atys?

Great Astronomers. By Sir Robert S. Ball. London: Isbister; Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1895.

A BOOK of fourteen essays on the lives and works of as many astronomers, ancient and modern, but all deceased. It would have been a great subject for a great writer, for a scientific Sainte-Beuve. We cannot quarrel with the list of men treated. It was certainly best the writer should choose those whom he liked to write about. They are Ptolemy, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Flamsteed, Halley, Bradley, W. Herschel, La-Place, Brinkley, J. F. W. Herschel, Rosse, Airy, Hamilton, Le Verrier, and Adams. Some of them are pretty well-worn subjects. Brinkley, Adams, and Airy are probably the only ones concerning whom any new facts are here made known. Still, for the majority of the others, masterly critical accounts would have been welcome. It would have been better to make half as many essays twice as long.

No one method of treatment is followed, so that to get an idea of the book it is necessary to examine several of the lives. Sir Robert Ball is himself a brilliant mathematician and a very competent astronomer. He does not seem to be aware that several of the personal traits of Claudius Ptolemy can be made out from a diligent study of his writings. He does not even mention the fact that there is an astrological treatise, bearing the name of Ptolemy, which resists every test of genuineness. It has the great astronomer's method, style, and language; it bears his name and is addressed to the same person as the 'Almagest.' The geography of Ptolemy is only just mentioned, without any account of it. Sir Robert Ball cannot be ignorant that Ptolemy was a great mathematician, that he created spherical trigonometry, and calculated tables for the application of it. Was not this worth saying in a sketch of twenty-three pages? With what are these pages filled? Chiefly with an account of the Ptolemaic system of the world. But—we must suppose for the sake of simplification, for it cannot be that Sir Robert Ball is so ignorant—this account is falsified in such a manner that all that really was contributed to it by Ptolemy is erased, and what is provided is the rough description of the motions which was invented by Hipparchus, and which Ptolemy made his own by one of the most wonderful and profound pieces of mathematical ingenuity ever devised. Namely, Hipparchus had two circles, one carried round on the other, the planet being carried round the former. One of these motions is in geometrical truth nothing but the motion of the sun round the earth, or, what is the same thing (since in mere geometry all motion is relative), the motion of the earth round the sun. The other motion is the motion of the planet round the sun. The orbits are really ellipses; but they are so near circles (except for Mercury) that the difference in *shape* was not perceptible to the ancient observers. But the foci of the ellipses are perceptibly remote from the centre; and, moreover, since equal areas are described in equal times, the motion is physically more rapid near one focus than near the other. Now, Ptolemy almost perfectly represented all this by placing the orbit eccentrically from the earth, and then making the body that was supposed to move round the circle describe equal angles in equal times about a centre twice as far from the earth as the centre of the circle, and lying in the same direction. Nor was the motion in the second circle taken to be uniform. These hypotheses gave an essentially different character to the theory. The system of Hipparchus was a mere harmonic analysis; the Ptolemaic system needed only minor corrections to represent the true *relative* motions, or appearances in the heavens (which Ptolemy declared was all he aimed at), with a high degree of accuracy. At any rate, this, and this only, was the contribution of Ptolemy. It is a strange account of the man which attributes to him what was really done by another, and omits all mention of what he really did.

The account of Copernicus is hardly better. There is no allusion to the practical side of his life, his management of the vast estates of Frauenberg, his parliamentary career. His planetary system is not explained at all, although this has been successfully done in several elementary books. The differences between the points of view of Ptolemy and Copernicus are not explained. Ptolemy really only cared to account for the appearances of the heavens; and he clearly saw that it made no difference, with those appearances, whether the earth moved or not. It was a mere surplusage—a curious inquiry, somewhat metaphysical—to ask whether the earth moves or not. Then, in Ptolemy's time, everybody assumed that there is one substance of things celestial and another substance of things terrestrial. The stars were mere lights. There was no matter in them, such as we see on earth. There was thus no analogical argument to be drawn against their moving ever so rapidly. On the other hand, if the earth moves, then real terrestrial objects are moving with a velocity very many times greater than any of which we have any experience. Copernicus, on the other hand, lived at a time when the discovery of the New World inclined men to think that things remote were a good deal like things near at hand. Moreover, reflection upon Ptolemy's system, just as he had described it, would show that the general conception of it could be much simplified by making all the planets revolve round the sun. Ptolemy would not care for such simplification, as long as the computations of places remained the same, as they would remain. But in Copernicus a deeper philosophical spirit pervading Europe was beginning to awaken.

The life of Galileo is marked by the same inadequacy. Galileo's greatest discovery, that of the uniformly accelerated fall of bodies, is not mentioned. Kepler receives still worse treatment. One of the most interesting personalities that ever lived, and the author of the most wonderful piece of inductive reasoning, with the exception of Mendeleieff's law, ever performed, he is so feebly described that the reader gets but a glimpse into the nature of the man and none at all into the course of his thought. The modern essays are no better. The men, too, are smaller and less interesting. The chapter on Brinkley has two and a half pages about Brinkley and ten and a half about other things. It is modern superficial writing about a subject that would formerly have engaged the best talents, carried to its last point of newspaper-paragraphing.

Buckle and his Critics: A Study in Sociology. By John Mackinnon Robertson. London: Swan Sonnenschein.

MR. ROBERTSON is so possessed with the idea that injustice has been done to Buckle that he has prepared a volume of 565 pages—not very closely printed pages fortunately—to refute his critics, big and little, one after the other. We are inclined to ask him, now that the task has been accomplished, whether on reflection he really thinks that this is the best way of reaching his end. He believes, and probably with justice, that Buckle is too little read nowadays, and that it is too much the fashion to disregard or pooh-pooh him. Then, would it not be better for him to try to tell us, in as brief and forcible a way as he can, what he himself conceives to have been Buckle's contribution to human knowledge? As it is, we are left to piece together Mr. Robertson's interpretation of his master from scattered indications up and down 500 pages of acrimonious controversy. Few people will have the patience to do this; and, from Mr. Robertson's point of view, it will be a great pity.

It is the more to be regretted that Mr. Robertson's book should be thus repellent, and, indeed, ludicrous, because he is a writer of wide reading and of much penetration, and the master of a vivacious style. Even as it is, 'Buckle and his Critics' is a book that our professional "Sociologists" will do well to get: it will widen their horizon, and give some of them, especially in theological seminaries, a not unwholesome shock occasionally. But the book is a curious and characteristic product of a certain phase of English life. Mr. Robertson is the biographer of Mr. Bradlaugh, and a writer in the *National Reformer;* and we are probably not mistaken in supposing that he has more or less identified himself with the

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small group of militant "secularists." Men who belong to such circles are very apt to feel themselves, in the expressive phrase, "rather out of things" socially, and to resent it. They assume the attitude of Esau, and of that particularly offensive variety, the omniscient Esau. Mr. Robertson is cocksure over a wider range than any writer it has recently been our duty to read; on all the great thinkers and investigators of the century he is ready to pronounce unhesitating judgment; and he has an air of always knowing the last thing. He is very ready to explain everybody else's opinions by his environment or training; to see academicism here, clericalism there, and obscurantism and compromise everywhere: it never occurs to him to think that his own opinions are anything but the utterances of dispassionate wisdom. Sometimes, when we have seen how much of Buckle's teaching Mr. Robertson's throws overboard, and observed how very little seems to be left of it after he has made his "suggested modifications" (in the useful "Synthetic Summary" at the end of the book), we have been inclined to suspect that the reason why he sticks up for his hero is chiefly that English respectability slights Buckle.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, A. E. The Gods Give my Donkey Wings. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.
Andersen, H C. The Nightingale. Boston: Berkel y Updike. $1.25.
Babyhood. Vol. XI. Dec. '94-Nov. '95. *Babyhood* Publishing Co.
Balzac, H. de. The Quest of the Absolute. London; Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Blind, Mathilde. Birds of Passage: Songs of the Orient and Occident. London: Chatto & Windus.
Blunt, W. S. Esther, a Young Man's Tragedy; Together with the Love Sonnets of Proteus. Boston: Copeland & Day. $3.
Brooks, Noah. The Mediterranean Trip: A Short Guide. Scribners. $1.25.
Brown, Kate C. Beauty for Ashes. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co.
Burrows, Prof. Montagu. The History of the Foreign Policy of Great Britain. London; Blackwood; New York: Putnams. $3.
Burton, Richard. Dumb in June. Boston: Copeland & Day. 75c
Cahun, Léon. Introduction à l'Histoire de l'Asie: Turcs et Mongols des Origines à 1405. Paris: A. Colin & Cie.
Cavendish on Whist. American Edition. Scribners.
Chapman, Mary B. Lyrics of Love and Nature. F. A. Stokes Co.
Cheney, J. V. That Dome in Air: Thoughts on Poetry and the Poets. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Cocke, Zitella. A Doric Reed. Boston: Copeland & Day. 75c.
Constant. Recollections of the Private Life of Napoleon Vol. I. Merriam Co. $2.50.
Cowell, Prof. E. B. The Jātaka. Vol. II. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan.
Cram, R. A. Black Spirits and White: A Book of Ghost Stories. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.
Dos Passos, B. F. The Law of Collateral and Direct Inheritance, Legacy and Succession Taxes. 2d ed. St. Paul: West Publishing Co.
Du Bois, Constance G. The Shield of the Fleur de Lis: A Novel. Merriam Co. $1.50.
Duff, Grace Shaw. Nicodemus. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co.
Eggleston, Edward. Stories of American Life and Adventure. American Book Co. 50c.
Eggleston, Edward. Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans. American Book Co. 40c.
Eliot, George. Silas Marner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 40c.
Elliott, Prof. E. B. An Introduction to the Algebra of Quantics. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Ellis, E. S. The Youth's Dictionary of Mythology. New York: Woolfall Co. 50c.
Ellwanger, G. H. Idyllists of the Country Side. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Foss, Sam Walter. Whiffs from Wild Meadows. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Garland, Hamlin. Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.50.
German and French Poems for Memorizing. Henry Holt & Co. 20c.
Hesdin, Raoul. The Journal of a Spy in Paris. January-July, 1794. Harpers. $1.25.
Hughes, Thomas. Tom Brown's School Days. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 60c.
Hughes, Thomas. Vacation Rambles. Macmillan. $1.75.
Ia: A Love Story. Scribners. 75c.
Ingalls, Herbert. The Boston Charades. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.
King, Maude E. Round about a Brighton Coach Office. London: John Lane; New York: Macmillan.
Latimer, Elizabeth W. Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.50.
Light on Current Topics. Bennet Lectures for 1895. Boston: Massachusetts New-Church Union. $1.
Lloyd, J. W. Wind-Harp Songs. Buffalo: Peter Paul Book Co. $1.
Moses, Prof. Bernard. The Railway Revolution in Mexico. San Francisco: The Berkeley Press.
Nichols, Bowyer. Words and Days: A Table-Book of Prose and Verse. London: Rivington, Percival & Co.
Norton, Prof. C. E. The Heart of Oak Books. 6 vols. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Paine, Thomas. Rights of Man. Putnams. $1.
Perry, Rev. W. S. The Episcopate in America: Sketches Biographical and Bibliographical of the Bishops of the American Church. Christian Literature Co. $5.
Pope, G. W. Wonderful Adventures on Venus. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co.
Rossiter, W. S. An Accidental Romance, and Other Stories. The Republic Press.
Sharp, William. The Gypsy Christ, and Other Tales. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.
Shaw, W. A. Select Tracts and Documents Illustrative of English Monetary History, 1626-1730. London: Clement Wilson.
Sickels, D. B. Leaves of the Lotos. J. Selwin Tait & Sons.
Smart, William. Studies in Economics. Macmillan. $2.75.
Smith, L. P. The Youth of Parnassus, and Other Stories. Macmillan, $1.25.
Spears, J. R. The Gold-Diggings of Cape Horn. Putnams. $1.75.
Spenser, Edmund. Epithalamion. With drawings by George Wharton Edwards. Dodd, Mead & Co $7.50.
Stearns, F. P. Sketches from Concord and Appledore. Putnams. $2.
Stern, S. M. Studien und Plaudereien. 16th ed., revised. Henry Holt & Co. $1.10.
Stevenson, R. A. M. The Art of Velasquez. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $18.
Stevenson, R. L. Vailima Letters. 2 vols. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.
Stimson, F. J. Labor in its Relation to Law. Scribners. 75c.
Stratemeyer, Edward. Reuben Stone's Discovery. *Merriam Co.* $1.25.
Taylor, Bayard. The Echo Club. Putnams. $1.75.
Teggart, F. J. Catalogue of the Hopkins Railway Library. Palo Alto, Cal.: Leland Stanford University. $1.50.
The Protestant Episcopal Almanac and Parochial List. Whittaker. 25c.
The Secret of Mankind. Putnams. $2.
The Year Book of the Pegasus. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 25c.
Thompson, R. E. Political Economy for High Schools and Academies. Boston: Ginn & Co. 55c.
Treitschke, H. von. Das Deutsche Ordensland Preussen. Maynard, Merrill & Co.
Tyler, Odette. Boss. Transatlantic Publishing Co.
Walford, L. B. Frederick. Macmillan. $1.25
Walpole, Rev. G. H. S. Daily Teachings for the Christian Year. Brentanos. $1.50.
Wenckebach, Prof. Clara. Scheffel's Trompeter von Säkkingen. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 70c.
Wheeler, D. H. Our Industrial Utopia, and its Unhappy Citizens. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Woolsey, Abby H. Handbook for Hospitals. 3d ed. *Putnams.* 75c.
Wurth, Leopold. Das Wortspiel bei Shakspere. Leipzig: Wilhelm Braumüller.
Wynne, Madeline Y. The Little Room, and Other Stories. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.
Yale, Catharine B. Nim and Cum and the Wonder-Head Stories. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.

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